

VOX COLLEGII



Whitby, 1921



ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE
WHITBY

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Vox Collegii

Published Throughout the Collegiate Year by the Editorial Staff.

"For san et haec elim meminisse juvabit."

VOL. XXXVI.

WHITBY, 1921

No. 1

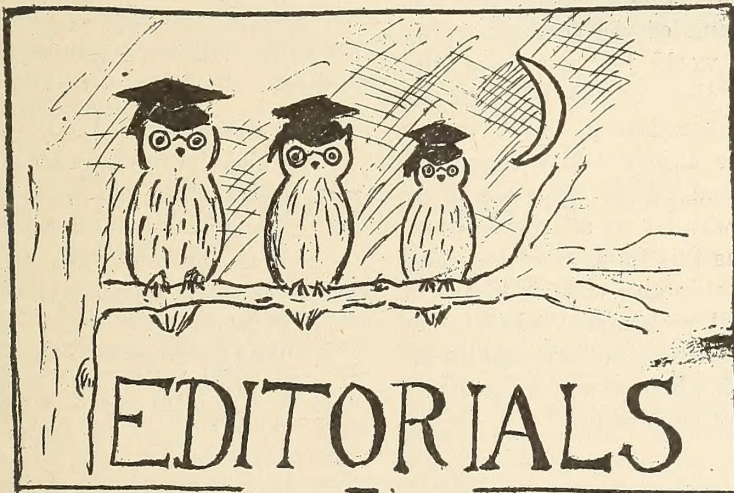
EDITORIAL STAFF

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ART.....Mildred Cole
EXPRESSION.....Muriel Harvey
Y. W. C. A.....Gwendolyn Klombies
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COMMERCIAL.....Helen Luke
LITERARY.....Jean Griffin
WHO'S WHO AND WHERE.....Grace Lander
ODDS AND ENDS { Nellie Murchie
 Julia Eastmond
ARTISTS Alice Evans, Patricia Gumley
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 Miss Dowson

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To think that this is our first, last and only Vox of the year! We, who are responsible for it, shudder when we think what a lot is expected of us—to condense all that has taken place since the memorable opening day into one

little magazine, seems a stupendous task, and yet due to the efforts of those who have been so willing to help us, here it is, and all we hope is, that you will enjoy it. And just here we wish to thank all those who have so gener-

ously contributed and thus made our way easy for us.

Those of us who were here for the opening day will remember the excitement, the bustle and hustle of girls getting settled, the joyous reminders of the old girls and their hearty welcome to the new girls. All that seems so far away now, our year has been such a full one; we can scarcely realize that soon—very soon, we are leaving, some of us not to return next year. What a dreary thought! And with what eagerness we are looking forward to the Golden Jubilee, three years hence, when we will be here once more to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the dear old school.

It has been a splendid year of the school. As each year passes we think it has been the best, but surely there has never been one to compare with this. When we think of the strife in many parts of the world just now it is with thanksgiving that we can think of the happiness, comradeship and harmony that we have enjoyed all through the year, and when we set out along life's rugged pathway let us all remember to carry with us this thought of harmony and comradeship and what it means in life. We all realize just what it has meant to us in our school life, so why not try to apply it when we may make others happy as well as ourselves?

SCHOOL SPIRIT

Just what is school spirit? Or can it be defined in sufficiently descriptive terms? It is rather a difficult subject to try to explain, but is it not a sort of "getting together," a thoughtfulness for one's neighbor and an unselfish desire for the welfare of one's school as a whole? It is a feeling that we, ourselves are responsible for our share of the school's success, however small it may be and that that share, if neglected, becomes a flaw in the perfect unity of purpose.

And this school spirit, we are proud to say, has prevailed in all that we have undertaken this year. Perhaps we have been a little careless at times, but we love our school, are proud of it, and are anxious to see it prosper. And we hope that next year the girls will have this same feeling—a desire to boost our College as the only one worth seeing and attending.

Three cheers for O. L. C.!

Chic-a-lac-a, chic-a-lac-a,
 Chow, chow, chow,
 Boom-a-lac-a, boom-a-lac-a,
 Wow, wow, wow,
 Chic-a-lac-a, boom-a-lac-a,
 Who are we?
 We are the girls of the O.L.C.
 C-o-l-l-e-g-e
 Whitby!

On Reading Spenser's Faerie Queen in April

Annie Allison Maxwell.

The crimson buds the maple trees,
The tender green of birch,
The gentle blue of April skies,
Are blackground of the search.

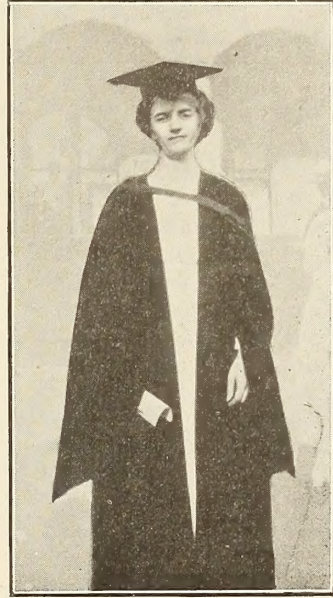
To seek St. George fair Una rides
By night through all my dreams,
And sometimes 'twixt dark forest stems
It's silver armour gleams.

Dull sleep's oblivion thus becomes
The field of high emprise;
The Spring's sweet beauty, maid and knight—
They live before my eyes.

Soft music, too, I sometimes hear—
The fairy bugle call,
The witch, with wondrous echoes three,
Dissolves enchantments all.

It breaks for me the magic spell,
And dissipates my dreams;
Upon the misty hills of spring
The golden morning gleams.

But well I know when shadows fall,
And slumber seals my eyes,
Una will ride with me again
Upon her high emprise.



MISS A. A. MAXWELL.

The Graduating Class of 1921

Hazel Taylor

In 1914 there came to O. L. C. one of the most outstanding of all its many and varied students. Hazel Taylor-pardon-Bones, arrived from Belleville, her birthplace, with the intention of making her career at O. L. C., one even more exciting and full of thrills than any boarding school story ever written.

Within three years of her arrival she became the President of the Athletic Association, secretary of the Choral class, and Captain of the Basketball team. In 1919 she was given the highest honor ever bestowed upon any stu-

dent of O.L.C. Hazel was crowned our May Queen.

In 1918 the Honour Club was instituted and Hazel became its first president. Through her untiring effort and zeal it has become an honoured institution in our school. That same year she was circulation manager of the "Vox." In 1920 she was the winner of the much coveted gold medal awarded for swimming, and in 1921 president of the Senior Class.

Hazel leaves us this year, but she takes along the respect, loyalty and love of O. L. C., and leaves behind the



FIRST ROW (left to right)—Aileen Marshall, Ethel Morden, K. Macdonald, Ruth Carruthers, Margaret Webster.

SECOND ROW—Helene Allworth, G. Lander, H. Taylor, E. Haskett.

THIRD ROW—Elizabeth Reynolds, N. Moore, H. Luke, V. Glenn.

FOURTH ROW—V. Payne, C. Reynolds, H. Dawson, G. Klombies.

FIFTH ROW—M. Cole, M. McQuillan, A. Savage, W. Scott, B. Breese.

memories of seven happy years of school life.

Says "Bones"—"Good-bye kids — See you all in the funny papers."

Hilda Dawson

Hilda was born in Bailieboro, and has lived there off and on during the nineteen years of her existence. In 1918 Hilda made her first appearance at O. L. C. It was then her pranks started, and fearing that she had committed enough for one year, the next year saw her at Ottawa Ladies' College. However, the next year she returned, and has spent the last two years here, where she has pursued her course in Commercial work. Talk about a "speed" artist—well that's Hilda's middle name.

As Treasurer of the Senior Class Hilda has been efficient, and we wish her success in the years to come.

Favorite Hobby—Slipping on Bath-tubs.

Pet Expression—"Wa-A Oh."

Grace Lander.

Grace was born in El Paso, and moved to Oshawa six years later, where she attended High School. She came to us in 1918, taking the Commercial Course, but changing the next year to Domestic, in which she is graduating this year. Grace was a very able President of the Domestic Science Club during the two years, and was ever willing to give her help in preparing for the numerous teas.

Next year she intends to continue her study of music.

Her hobby is watching the "Rob-in's" nest.

Favorite expression—"My senses above."

Margaret Webster.

Margaret was born in Winnipeg, but has spent most of her life in Calgary where she attended both the Public School and High School, finishing her first year. She came to us in the fall of 1919, and took her Sophomore year.

This year she came back and took both Junior and Senior Domestic. We all shall miss Margaret next year, but we are sure that she will have all success in the future.

Favorite Hobby—Taking hall duty on Upper Frances.

Pet expression—"Say, Kiddie."

Helene Allworth.

Although living in Montreal nearly all her life, Helene was born in Toronto. She is the grand-daughter of the well-known Mr. R. C. Hamilton, who is President of our School Board.

Before coming to O. L. C. Helene attended Trafalgar Institute, Montreal, where she took High School work. On arriving here last year she enrolled in the Expression class. Since then she has devoted herself solely to that work until this year, when, as a minor course, she studied "vocal."

This year she has held the office of Secretary of the Dramatic Club, and filled the position capably. Not only has she been willing to do her part towards making our entertainments successful, but has always been present to lend a helping hand in need.

Favorite Expression—"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!"

Cort Reynolds.

Cort was born in Montreal and has lived there ever since. She came to O. L. C. three years ago where she has certainly made a name for herself. During her first year she won the Gold Medal for greatest proficiency in swimming, life-saving, etc.; her second year she was made president of the Y. W. C. A. She won the Governor-General's Medal for highest standing in Junior Matriculation English. She also had the honor of having her name on the Strathecona Shield for Athletics, womanly qualities and scholarship.

She came back this year and resumed her studies, receiving the degree of M. E. L., and again taking up the position of President of Y. W. and has made a wonderful success of it. Due to her

womanly qualities she was elected May Queen, and who ever forgets how sweet she was and how well she filled the position?

We hope that in years to come she may win her way in the world as she has into the hearts of all the girls.

Alice Savage.

Alice, or as we know her better as "Sammy," comes to us from Marieville, where she received her High School education. She has spent only one year here, but has completed her Commercial Course with exceptionally high standing. She has also taken her Junior piano exam., and so has spent a very profitable year. To many of us "Sammy" perhaps seems very quiet, but not so to those who really know her best. However, we all have learned to love her, and wish her every success in her work next year.

Mildred Cole.

Mildred Cole first saw the sunshine in Woodstock, Ontario. There she attended school until four years ago, when she moved to High Park Gardens, Toronto, and after a short time there she cast in her lot with O.L.C. In her junior year she was president of the Art Club, and in her Senior year Art representative for "Vox," and secretary-Treasurer of the Club. What the school will do without Mildred's ready help, no one knows.

Hobby—Painting posters and cross-stitching.

Pet expression—"Oh, darn Reta."

Betty Martin.

Betty Martin was born in Hamilton, and got her Matriculation in the Hamilton High School. She graduates in Domestic Science this year, and has been a very able treasure in the Domestic Science Club during her two years. Next year she expects to specialize in music.

Hobby—Writing essays.

Favorite Saying—"Heavens to John."

Olive Payne.

Olive's home is in Chapleau. Discovering that her ambition was to flourish the paint brush, she left High School to take the O. L. C. Art Course, and was President of the Class this year. Olive is the personification of good-naturedness, and even though unseen, her proximity is always known by her whole-hearted laugh which ripples out so spontaneously, or by her measured tread, which never changes according to moods. Evidently the girls think her hobby is making place-cards, for prior to any school festivity or D. S. student's luncheon, she is always besieged with requests to make them.

Her favorite saying—"Oh, Landy."

Gwendoline Klombies.

Gwendoline, better known as "Gwen," claims Manchester, England, as her birthplace, but went to Lashburn when only three years old. She received her elementary education there, also attended St. Alban's College, Saskatoon, where she took music and miscellaneous subjects, coming to O.L.C. in 1918.

Gwen held quite important offices, being Vice-President of both the Y.W. C.A. and the Okticlos Club, but she very capably filled them along with her heavy course in music, taking her Intermediate Piano, also her A.T.C.M. in Vocal with honors, and is the Gold Medallist of her year. She also received the highest marks last year in Intermediate vocal. She will be greatly missed in our halls next year, but we hope she will have the best of success in whatever she undertakes.

Favorite Expression—"I'll be diggered."

Helen Luke.

Helen is another of our numerous Hamilton girls. She received her High School education in Oshawa, and came to us in 1918, and elected the Commercial Course, in which she graduated this year. This year she holds the position of Vice-President of the Commer-

cial Club, and is also secretary of the Senior Class. She has shown great capability in both these offices. Next year she intends to take a position in Hamilton.

Her hobby is going to Gym classes.

Favorite Expression — "Have you found the Knife."

Viola Glenn.

Viola has lived in Stella, where she attended High School until coming here two years ago. During her first and second years she elected to continue this work and up to matriculation standing. This year she has continued her Domestic Science course, making a great success of it. She has been absent for some weeks receiving a valuable practice as assistant dietitian in Wellesley hospital, Toronto. We wish her all success in the future.

Kathleen Macdonald.

Sixteen years ago in Winnipeg, our Kathleen Macdonald made that city famous. Shortly afterwards, however, she moved to Coaticook, Que., where she spent, shall we say, her childhood?

Three years ago "Kay" came to O. L. C. and started her High School work. She switched, however, to the Domestic Science course in her second year, and is graduating this year. "Kay" held the position of Secretary in our Honour Club, and proved a very faithful officer. We shall certainly miss her very sweet smile and personality next year, but we know she will gladden those around her in Montreal where she will be residing.

Her favorite expression — "Aren't you funny, though?"

Bernice Breese.

Bernice, better known as "Breesie," came to O. L. C. after Xmas, 1919, from her home town, Chatsworth. Her studies were chiefly, music, matriculation, French and English. She entered all sports, and was particularly fond of tennis and basketball. She returned in September, 1920, where she continued

her musical studies and such activities as basket-ball. This year she had to drop the sporting side of college life and settle down to really hard work, that of preparing her A.T.C.M., Vocal, Senior Sight Singing and Theory exams.

We all shall miss her smiles next year, and we wish her every success in the future.

Her favorite expression — "Didn't I, Glad?"

Elva Haskett.

Elva is a native of London. She attended the London Collegiate, but before obtaining her Matric. she left and went to Miss Harrison's private school. When she came to O.L.C. she made a very successful student in Expression. This year she pursued her course still further, obtaining the gold medal for the highest standing.

Her pet hobby is borrowing handkerchiefs and visiting in Trenton.

Favorite expression — "Oh, gee."

Ethel Morden.

Ethel was born in Hamilton, where she attended the Collegiate Institute, taking her Junior Matriculation. She took an active part in the "Lyceum" and was a successful worker on the "Vox Lycei" staff. She continued her splendid work when she came to O.L.C. this year, being elected to the position of "Editor-in-Chief of the 'Vox'." She also took a very active part in all lines sport. This year Ethel took her M.E.L. course, graduating with honors and winning the gold medal; as well as taking Intermediate piano.

Favorite expression — "Well of course. nothing makes me sick."

Ailene Marshall.

Ailene came to us from Sault Ste. Marie in September, 1919, intent on taking Junior Domestic work. She didn't begin to like the life here before Xmas, then she took a little holiday and went to California. The climate of the South obviously agreed with her, as

she came back to school after Easter and finished her Junior year and enjoyed it thoroughly. She returned in September, 1920, and was made Vice-President of the Domestic Science Club. Now at the end of this year, having more than fulfilled the requirements of a Graduating Senior, she is leaving us, and we wish her every success in whatever she may undertake.

Her favorite expression—"It makes me sick."

Elizabeth Reynolds.

"Bessie" was born in Beeton, where she has lived ever since. She attended the Beeton High School where in 1919 she passed her Junior Matric. with honors. After remaining at home for a year, she came to O.L.C. in September last and is now graduating in the M.E.L. Course. Next year Bessie expects to go to Toronto University, and we hope while there she will distinguish herself as a brilliant student just as she has done here this year.

Her pet expression is—"Well, if that wouldn't skin you."

Hobby—Sleeping.

Laura Smith

Laura, generally known as "Cedric," claims West as her birthplace, having lived in Edmonton, Alta., all her life. She attended the Collegiate there, taking an active part in basketball and hockey. She also had the honor of being Canada's first woman Ambulance driver during the late war. Laura came to us in September, 1920, and began the year by taking Junior Matriculation work, but on finding this course too easy, devoted the remainder of the year to taking both Junior and Senior Domestic. After a very successful year she will leave us not to return. We shall all miss her next year, but wish her the best of success at whatever she may attempt in the future.

She has so many funny expressions it takes us all our time remembering them, but her favorite one is—"Oh, kids, my poor sewing."

Maude McQuillan.

Our well represented city of Toronto claims another of our 1921 Seniors—Maude McQuillan. Here she was born and here she spent the early part of her life attending Oakwood Collegiate, where she obtained her Junior Matric, and took the work of the Senior Matric. She also took an active part in the Collegiate sports, winning the laurels for the tennis championship. In 1919 she entered O. L. C. as a Junior Domestic, also finding time to carry on her music, so that in the next year she did not return to us until January after her music exams. in Toronto had been tried successfully. Maude kept up her good record in the sports, winning the tennis cup in the spring tournaments. She pursued her Senior year in the Domestic Science course, and has now won her way to graduation. We wish her every success in whatever she undertakes. .

Pet expression—"That's jake."

Winifred Scott.

Winifred was born in Saskatchewan, but for some time has lived in Whitby. This is her second graduation from O. L. C. The first time in Art, and this year she has taken her A.T.C.M. in piano with honors, and taking the gold medal. We remember that her former ambition was to get her L. T.C.M., and we hope that she may realize that ambition.

Favorite Pastime — "Picking Berries."

Norma Moore.

Norma claims Hamilton as her birthplace, but for a long time Toronto has been her home; and there at Parkdale Collegiate she passed her Junior Matriculation with honors. Three years ago she came to O.L.C. to take her Intermediate Piano, finishing her year's work and passing her examinations with honors. She also received Mr. Atkinson's medal for the highest standing. This year she has taken her A.T. C.M., passing with honors and taking

the gold medal. This year she has splendidly filled the position of "President of the Oktelos Club."

Hobby—Talking to Mr. Atkinson.

Favorite expression — "Well, of course, I should be practising, but—."

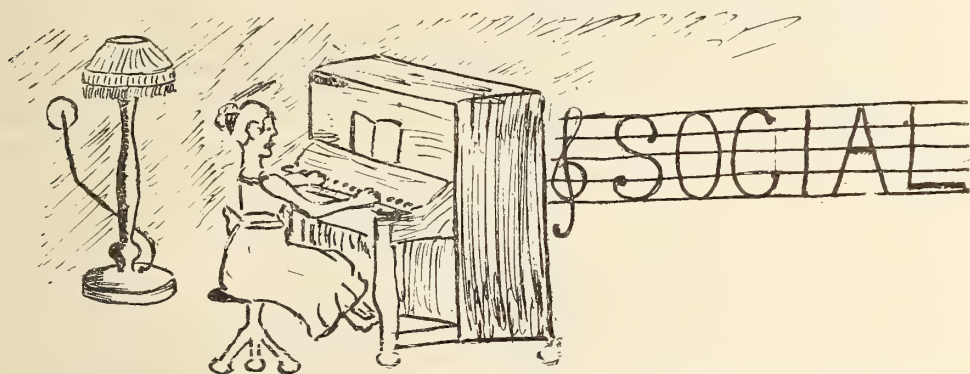
Ruth Carruthers.

Ruth was born in Toronto, where she has always lived. She attended Harbord Collegiate, where she took her

Junior Matriculation. She came to us last fall, took her senior matriculation and passed successfully. We all wish her every success in the future, and feel sure that she will accomplish whatever she plans to do.

Favorite hobby — Passing around some of her father's cake.

Pet expression—"You know— you know what I mean."



On Saturday, September the eighteenth, we walked to the lake for our annual picnic. We all left the school a little after two in the afternoon and took the route that we call "The back lane."

The time before supper was spent in taking pictures, playing games, and some of the younger students paddled in the water. At tea we all camped around Mrs. Ross' cottage and were served to sandwiches of all kinds, cake, fruit, and coffee in abundance. A short time after we started back home, and by the time we reached the college we were a tired lot of girls.

The following Friday night we had an impromptu masquerade to which the faculty and new students were invited. The different colors of the various costumes made a pretty picture from the gallery. There were games and dancing alternately throughout the evening from which we derived much enjoyment. When the evening was nearly over, ice-cream-cones, were

served. This brought the program to a close.

At noon on October the eighth, the entire school received an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Farewell to an "At Home" the same evening. Mr. and Mrs. Farewell entertained us with choice musical selections, after which dainty refreshments were served.

The next social function was the Hallowe'en Party. The costumes were original and very pretty. Special mention was made of "the two trees" (Shirley Leishman and Louise Buras); "the two violins" (Reta Kerslake and Mildred Cole); Pen and Ink (Muriel Thomson and Hilda Dawson). Following the march there were dances presented by Miss Murchie's students and Dickens' The-Holly-Tree-Inn by members of the Expression Class.

After the program the judges awarded the following prizes: For the prettiest costume, Helen McDougall; for the most original, Hilda Dawson and Muriel Thomson, and for the funniest,

Ruth Carruthers. Refreshments were then served by the Seniors, and the happy evening brought to a close.

On the morning of December the fourteenth, a poster appeared on the bulletin board announcing "The Faculty Play." Great excitement prevailed because it came as a surprise, and besides the faculty plays are always good. At the specified time we were all waiting expectantly and impatiently for the curtain to rise. At last it did go up and we saw Dickens' Christmas Carol. It was indeed an enjoyable performance, especially the Cratchit family, which was very real, also the goose; and Marley's chains clanking, we felt as though we were with Scrooge seeing the ghost. We followed it through with great interest right to the

end until Scrooge became a changed man.

The cast was as follows:

Scrooge—Miss Wright.

Bob Cratchit—Miss Archibald.

Fred (Scrooge's nephew) — Miss Murchie.

Jacob Marley (ghost)—Miss Squair.

Boy and Young Man—Miss Stevens.

Mrs. Cratchit—Miss Wallace.

Martha Cratchit—Miss Dowson.

Peter Cratchit—Miss Spense

Tiny Tim—Miss Brush.

Topper—Miss Alcock.

Fred's Wife—Miss Emsley.

Fred's Sister—Miss Carruthers.

Ghost of Xmas Past—Miss Chantler.
Spirit of Xmas Present— Miss Mor-

den.
Boy—Miss Elliott.

First Prize Essay

AN INCIDENT OF CAMP LIFE.

What was that! Startled, I raised myself from my cot and stared through the screen. All was silent. The darkness seemed impenetrable. The trees and shrubs cast deep, black, mysterious shadows. In the open spaces the moonlight cast a silvery brightness which accentuated the blackness of the shadows. I could hear the soft murmur of the little river, the splash-splash of some tiny water creature, the shrill song of the pipers and the grave 'cello note of the grandfather frog.

Ah! the sound! Low and tremulously it began and rose to a half-pleading, half-triumphant call, the call of the

bull moose. Weird and strange it sounded as it vibrated through the still air and was echoed back by the surrounding hills.

I glanced quickly down the stream. There, half in the shadow, half in the moonlight, stood the giant, his feet in the lily pads, a magnificent sight. As I watched, entranced, he lifted his head, and once more called. Again the echoes replied, and after the echoes died, a faint call in the distance. Once more the moose's call rang through the night, not pleading now, but wholly triumphant as he turned and disappeared in the shadowy depths of the wood.

H. M. Anderson.

Who's Who and Where

Helene Allworth has spent the two years at O.L.C., and is graduating from the Expression Department.

Bernice Breese came to O. L. C. two years ago. We all join in wishing her every success in her work next year.

Ruth Carruthers came to us in Sept-

ember and was enrolled in the M.E.L. course. Ruth expects to continue her studies at University next year. We wish her success.

Mildred Cole came to O. L. C. two years ago. She is now graduating in the Art course. Mildred expects to take a

position next year. Every success, Mildred.

Hilda Dawson is just completing her two year commercial course. Hilda expects to take a position in the summer.

Viola Glenn came to O. L. C. three years ago and is graduating in Domestic Science. Viola is now in Wellesly Hospital taking a Dietitian's course.

Elva Haskett has spent two years at O.L.C. She is now graduating in Expression. Elva expects to be at home for a time.

Gwen Klombies is one of our Western girls. She has spent three years at O. L. C., and has now graduated in vocal. Gwen expects to teach vocal next year. Every success, Gwen.

Grace Lander came to O. L. C. three years ago, and is now graduating in Domestic Science. Grace expects to continue her music next year.

Helen Luke has spent three years at O.L.C. She has just completed her commercial course and expects to take a position next year.

Maude McQuillan has been at O.L.C. for two years and is now graduating in Domestic Science.

Kathleen McDonald has spent three years at O.L.C. and is graduating in Domestic Science. We wish "K" success in any work she may pursue.

Aileen Marshall has just completed her two year Domestic Science Course. Aileen expects to be at home next year.

Betty Martin has spent two years at O. L. C. and is now graduating in Domestic Science. We wish Betty success in any work she may pursue.

Ethel Morden came to us in September and was in the M.E.L. course. Ethel expects to go to University next year. Every success, Ethel.

Norma Moore came to O. L. C. three years ago. Norma has graduated in Piano. She expects to teach next year. Every success.

Olive Payne has spent two years at O. L. C. She is now graduating from the Art Department.

Cort Reynolds came to O.L.C. three years ago. She is now graduating from the M.E.L. course. Cort expects to go to University in the Fall. We all wish her every success possible in her work.

Elizabeth Reynolds is graduating in the M.E.L. course. Elizabeth also expects to go to University next year. Every success "Bessie."

Alice Savage came to O.L.C. last September and was enrolled in the commercial course. Alice expects to take a position next year. We all wish her success.

Laura Smith is one of our Western girls. She is graduating in Domestic Science. Laura expects to be home next year.

Hazel Taylor came to O.L.C. seven years ago. She is now graduating from the M.E.L. course. "Bones," as she is better known expects to continue her studies next year at University. We all join in wishing her every success.

Margaret Webster is another Western girl. Margaret came to O.L.C. last year and is now completing the Senior Domestic Course. Margaret expects to be at home next year.

Old Girls' Reunion

It was a cool afternoon in March

"Wake up!" said the lion at the south side of the steps to the sleepy one guarding the north, "Here comes the bus."

"Well, what about it? I've seen the bus before—often. Leave me alone."

"Oh, you make me wild! You never

get thrilled about anything. This is St. Patrick's week end—the Old Girls' Reunion. Here comes everybody out to meet the! Here they *are*! Just look at the welcome they are getting! Listen to that hubbub. There' they've all gone inside. Not one of them noticed me.

and that brother of mine is sound asleep and the lilacs are asleep, and the bridal wreath bushes are asleep, and the tulips won't wake up for weeks yet. Say, won't it be a joke when they open their eyes and I tell them the old girls have been here and they missed all the fun. I know where I can get lots of information, too. That young brownie who lives behind the dinner-gong has only been here since last June. He's never seen anything like this before and he won't miss much that goes on."

"Sonny!" he called gently. Wafted along in some unknown way the sound travelled inside, along the hall to the foot of the main stairs; and the same mysterious force sent the little brownie sliding swiftly down the wall and silently and invisibly to the side of his friend the lion.

He burst out, "I can't stay a minute. You should see the pretty decorations in the dining room and concert hall. There is going to be a reception tonight. I'll tell you about it afterwards. Say, you should hear all those girls running around and laughing. It's great to see people so glad to get back. I want to go and watch them now, Goodbye."

The little chimes brownie made many visits to the front steps during the next two days. Several times during the reception he came to report his impressions.

"Mr. and Mrs. Farewell, Miss Maxwell, Miss Wright and Hazel Taylor are welcoming. The concert hall is just like a beautiful big drawing room, and people are talking so happily! It's a lovely picture."

At bedtime he said, "Mr. Farewell read the 'regrets' of those who couldn't come. They made me feel so sorry, even though I didn't know all of them. Then there was a delightful program, and the Seniors served refreshments. Say, it seems quiet now, but there'll be more fun in the morning. Good night."

Next day he hurried to his friend with frequent bulletins from the basketball game between the "past and the present," finally bringing word that the

"present" girls had won—and the wise old lion knew from the shouts and cheers he had heard in the distance, that the battle had been well fought.

In the afternoon he heard news of a swimming meet, and the silence all over the building told him that it did not lack interested spectators.

It was at night that the little brownie waxed most enthusiastic.

"They're having a class dinner-party," he announced breathlessly. The tables look just beautiful. There were toasts to the King, to the Alma Mater, and the guests, and now the classes are singing their songs. Last year's Seniors sang theirs first and they had their own table in their own colors, too. Wasn't that a lovely idea? The songs are fine. I must hurry back because I don't want to miss the Elementaries' yell. I heard them practising, and its *great*."

On Sunday the sun shone, the church divisions set out, and after dinner the girls walked back and forth together until quiet hour. After tea there was a charming concert in the drawing room, and then the usual chapel service. In the evening quiet, the old lion almost forgot that "the old girls" had ever been away; and strangely enough, the old girls themselves had that same feeling, too. Perhaps it came in answer to the little prayer whose words headed the printed programme for the week-end—"Our gathered flock Thine arms enfold As in the peaceful days of old."

But on Monday morning, the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" sounded from the dining-room when breakfast was over, and soon the watcher on the steps was himself listening to the songs and yells the brownie had described, and watching the farewells being said all around him.

"This will make a fine story for the bridal wreath," he murmured, "and those other bushes and trees and things that spend the winter sleeping. *All* the nice things do not happen in the summer time."

So the wide-awake lion watched the bus disappear in the distance, and

though by this time he must understand girls very well, neither he nor any one else can ever appreciate wholly the

grateful happy feeling carried away in the heart of each St. Patrick's week-end guest.

Valedictory

As we are all assembled here this afternoon and as we, the graduating class of 1921, are seated before you in this, one of the most important days of the year, and perhaps of our whole lives, with the past happy terms behind us and our farewells too near at hand, we are filled with mingled emotions of gladness and sorrow, gladness to feel that our year has been all that we had hoped it to be, that we have realized all those expectations that come to a girl in her college life, and that in each one of us there is a deep tenderness, a lasting respect and a true loyalty for this our Alma Mater, sorrow, to know that our ways are soon to be separated, that all our happy times can only return to us in memory and that we must leave here to return only as guests at some future time.

What a great year it has been and just what it has meant to us, you, who will follow in our steps next year and in the coming years, will be able to feel and to understand. And it is our wish that you may enjoy the ever willing co-operation and thoughtfulness that you yourselves have so cheerfully shown us all through the year and in every way.

To you girls and more especially, perhaps to the Juniors, is due much of our happiness, and although we have not shown our gratitude as fully as we might, we realize and appreciate just how much you have done for us.

What we have gained in this year has revealed itself to us in part in the past few weeks and will go on revealing itself in the years to come as we confront problems yet unseen and live our lives, aided by memories of our school and by those

fine inspirations and high ideals which we have learned mean so much in life. And in the prompting of these inspirations and ideals we have felt the guidance of our highly esteemed principal, Mr. Farewell, and the wise helpfulness of our beloved lady principal, Miss Maxwell. It is impossible to express to them our gratitude for their unfailing good judgment in all our little weaknesses, and we feel also that we can never repay the members of our faculty for the way in which they have encouraged and helped us throughout the year. It has meant much to us as seniors to know that in all that we have attempted, we have had a staunch support in our teachers and a ready help at all times.

And so, although I am aware that anything that I may say can only poorly express the feelings of the seniors, I know that we will all remember this eventful day, this glorious Commencement week, and above all this year, with the pleasantest of memories and the tenderest of feelings for our dear Alma Mater. And as we leave behind these old college portals through which we have passed so often and so carelessly, we have a new feeling—an indescribable feeling of regret, mingled however with hope and future prospects. But we leave with a knowledge that these portals will ever be open in loving welcome to us when we return and that comradeship, which is the key to happiness in our college life will be restored once more at our Golden Jubilee, which happily is not far hence, when we will all meet in a happy reunion of hearts and minds.

The Classes

THE SENIOR CLASS

The Senior Class of 1921 had its beginning when a meeting was called for the election of officers early in the fall. Miss Maxwell conducted the election until we elected Hazel Taylor as our President and she took the chair. Then we elected Reta Kerslake for Vice-President, Helen Luke, Secretary and Hilda Dawson, Treasurer. Grace Lander, Norma Moore and Cort Reynolds were appointed as a committee to help the officers throughout the year. We, as a class, felt ourselves very fortunate when Miss Emsley consented to be our advisory teacher.

One morning on the walk the Seniors conceived the happy idea of asking permission to accompany our basket-ball team to Oshawa where they were to play against the Oshawa High School. Permission was readily obtained, so shortly after lunch we walked to the G.T.R. station with Miss Wright and Miss Alcock very kindly acting as chaperones, and took the train for Oshawa. After having a light lunch on our arrival in Oshawa, we went to the school grounds to see a splendid game and our girls came out victorious. The team's success made our walk home seem so much shorter, and easier, and we arrived very tired and hungry, just in time for a good dinner.

On Saturday afternoon we walked over to Oshawa and went to the movies. The picture was very good and we surely enjoyed it, since most of us had not seen a picture for some time. After the show through the great kindness of Miss Emsley and her mother we had a real "home-made dinner" in a real "home." We girls could not express our appreciation and we will long remember that visit as one of the bright spots of our Senior year at O. L. C. After dinner we very reluctantly allowed the bus men to call to take us home.

On the Friday evening before the school closed for the Christmas vacation.

the Seniors gave a reception to the Faculty and students. Each of the departments put on a sketch, characteristic of their individual studies and these seemed to be greatly enjoyed by the guests. At the end of this programme the Seniors sang their song, bringing in a very pleasing lighting effect, and to this most of the other classes responded with their respective songs. There was dancing until the refreshments were served and since the hour was growing late the guests soon left, voting this to be one of the best parties they had ever attended. The gymnasium looked like a huge drawing-room with easy chairs scattered around the room and cozy corners here and there. The room was very prettily decorated with our colours and much credit for this is due to the decorating committee.

We most thoroughly enjoyed ourselves as a class when we had our party in the Domestic Science room just before Easter. We had planned on a picnic to the lake but owing to the cold damp weather we decided that it would be wiser to stay in the building. While some of the girls were preparing our refreshments we gathered in the gymnasium and had our fortunes told. We toasted our weiners over the fire in the stove and that in some way made up for the open fire. After we had done full justice to these refreshments which we ate in regular camp style we withdrew to toast marshmallows in the grate in Miss Maxwell's sitting room. Since we were disappointed in not going to the lake Miss Maxwell very graciously loaned us her sitting-room. Study bell rang and we had to go back to study once more. However, we all felt ever so much better after our relaxation in the afternoon.

"I do feast tonight my best esteemed acquaintance." This extract from Shakespeare was at the top of the menu of the dinner which will remain in our minds the longest. Next to the happenings of Commencement week this ranks first in the events of the year, at least as

far as Seniors are concerned. We were deeply moved by the kindness and friendliness of the school as Miss Emsley led us into the dining-room through the aisles of our standing school-mates. Our table, near the centre of the room, was very beautifully decorated with coral roses and streamers of our colours. The other classes' tables were simply decorated and seemed to bow in paying homage to that one in centre. After a most delicious dinner Mr. Farewell took charge of the ceremony, acting as toastmaster. After we had drunk a toast to the King Mr. Farewell spoke a few words in appreciation of the class. To a toast splendidly preposed to "Our Country" by Norma Moore, Dorothy Van Vliet royally responded. After a few loving words about our beloved Alma Mater, Helene Allworth bade us drink a toast to her, and Gwen Klombies responded. Then followed a toast to our esteemed "Faculty" and Miss Maxwell responded, in her usual beautiful manner. The other toasts that evening were to the "Graduating Class," proposed by Lily Austin and replied to by Hazel Taylor; to the "Other Classes" by Hilda Dawson and replied to by Erma Osborne, Shirley Leishman, Marjory Hughes and Florene Eastmond; and finally to the "Student Organizations" by Ethel Morden, and answered by Louise Burns, Reta Kerslake and Cort Reynolds.

I am sure that all we Seniors felt that it was just another link added to the chain which binds us so closely to our school. Before we separated we joined hands and sung "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," and our fervent hope is that the friendships made here will never be forgotten.

Just here I would like to say just how much we Seniors appreciate the hard work which our officers, class teachers, faculty and the whole school had on our behalf. We wish the school every success and hope that each year the Senior class will grow bigger and better.

RUTH H. CARRUTHERS.

JUNIORS 1920-1921

Oh, say! We are the Juniors!
The Snappy Juniors!
We surely are not dead—
For we thrive on fish eyes—
Which makes us—hm—wise
We're true to silver and red—
For warnings we don't care a pinch,
But when we wake at 3d it's no cinch.
We've got the rep; girls! Pep Girls!
Junior class of O.L.C. of 1921—

of O. L. C. of '21.

The Junior Class was organized in the fall September 23, and Miss Chantler was elected "Class Teacher." The officers were as follows:

President—Lily Austin

Vice President—Mary Miller

Secretary Treasurer— Erma Osborne
and to these officers of the Junior Class owe much of their success this year.

The Juniors first plunge into society was in the form of a weiner roast planned to be held on the lake shore; but as luck and weather would have it the toast was held in the Domestic Science room. Even the weather can't daunt the Juniors.

On Friday night, November 19, the Juniors gave their most original stunt—"A popular song Masquerade." There was a prize given to the girl who guessed the largest number of songs which the girls represented, and Julia Eastmond was declared winner of the prize. There were about fifteen dances with refreshments served in between. The girls retired to their rooms after a most enjoyable evening.

Later the Juniors had planned a Carnival for the evening of February 5, but the weather man again interfered and the ice was not. But Juniors will be Juniors and so they planned a party in the gymnasium, the Sophs being the honored guests. The fun of the evening was much increased by the initiation of the Sophs and a Whitby Orchestra added much to the enjoyment of the dances. The Juniors gave their class song to which the Seniors replied. When the party broke up all the girls declared the evening so great a success that all regrets

for the failure of the Carnival were forgotten.

When the day of the Junior Picnic arrived we were favoured with fine weather. At two o'clock the class started for the Lake, while Miss Chantler preceded in her Ford with a load of "eats." The day was perfect, a day made for a picnic. On our arrival at 3 p.m. an hour of "As You Like It" followed. When supertime came we gathered driftwood "bit by bit" and over the fire we boiled our coffee, cooked the weiners, and toasted marshmallows. Supper over we were soon homeward bound because no Junior wanted to miss her much needed "study hour." "And after all is said and done" the Junior Class' year has been most successful and enjoyable.

SOPHOMORES

After having had the "Greenness" taken out of us during our Freshman year, we now appear at O.L.C. as sedate Sophomores.

At our first class meeting we chose as our President Shirly Leishman; Vice-President Winnifred Hambly; Secretary-Treasurer, Marjorie Kisbey. We were very sorry to have to accept Winifred's resignation later in the year but Helen Robinson has filled her place as Vice-President admirably. Then came the excitement of electing our class teacher. Miss Murchie was unanimously chosen. Then we adjourned to get Miss Murchie's verdict, which, we're glad to say, was favorable.

The Sophs were looking forward to their sleigh ride but, alack, and alas! the necessary article was missing, "Snow!"

But the Sophs, not to be outdone, decided to give a play. There were two weeks in which to prepare it. And the Sophs did work those two weeks, even if it was only "working to keep from laughing at the funny parts" because "Sunbonnets" was really a comedy. After the play gray-hair, spectacled, and be-aproned figures were to be seen gliding among other prettily dressed Sophomores, skillfully (considering their supposed age) distributing refreshments. At

a fitting time for old people to go to bed the Sophs could be seen coming up the stairs quietly, in order not to awaken the "young folk."

As this is a tale strictly about Sophomores I will omit our initiation and let the Juniors, our worthy torturers, describe our plight one Friday night when we were told to encase ourselves in bloomers provided by "said Torturers."

The next thing on our programme was the picnic at the lake. This happened strange to say, on Miss Murchie's birthday, the thirteenth of May.

Promptly at three we arrived at the side door where we were asked by President Leishman if we had any jackets. If we had —Thump! In went a couple of bottles of Pop.

When we had all arrived we set out with that kind of free feeling you get when you go on a picnic. But this feeling must have been absent in Shirly's mind as when we were about a quarter of the way there she said, "Where are the weiners"?—and two of our members were sent back for those mislaid articles.

No further mishaps occurred and everything went off just like a well-organized (?) picnic—except, perhaps, the burning of a couple of those precious weiners.

About four or five days before Commencement we had our last meeting—Sherly said "Good-bye to us as a class" and thanked us for our co-operation and Miss Murchie for her co-operation. Miss Murchie then thanked us for our co-operation. I don't know whether you know but I guess we were about the happiest class in O.L.C. Even with all that co-operation.

Now that you know our happy past, Aren't we just the very best class?

FRESHMEN

The Freshmen of 1921 had a splendid time this year; but, of course, who could help it with Miss Squair as the class teacher?

In the first of the year was much excitement over the electing of officers.

Marjorie Hughes was elected with the full approval of everyone. The other officers were: Vice-President, Dorothy MacDonald; Secretary, Lois Newberry.

In the fall when the Freshmen class took their turn to sit at the French table Miss Squair, the French teacher, and Miss Elliott took us down to Elliott's Cafe. There we had great fun and we listened to a Victrola, which added much to the enjoyment of the splendid dinner. We were very sorry that we had to hurry back to the school in time for a concert.

Later on in the fall Miss Chantler took us down to the lake on a Science walk, and of course at the end there was a wiener roast which fortified us for the return journey. We had heaps of fun around the fire and were sorry to have to return.

When the fourteenth of February came we felt that it was time for another celebration, so we decided to have a dinner in the Domestic Science classroom. When all get together there is plenty of fun and decorating the table was enjoyed very much. The lights were covered with red paper and red streamers and place cards decorated with little hearts made the dining table look beautiful. And when one's president is a prize cook—well, the dinner couldn't help being a success. We felt greatly honoured by the presence of Mademoiselle Jous from Havergal and she made a very happy addition to our table.

At the Old Girls' Re-union everyone had to help in the decorating and both at it and the Senior Dinner our table was beautifully decorated with green streamers and white sweet peas representing our silver and green colours.

This spring Miss Chantler, our science teacher, took the Sophomores and freshmen to the lovely woods north of Oshawa. The trilliums and violets were at their best and everyone's arms were loaded with wild flowers on the way back. But we didn't return so smoothly as we had gone, for when we came to the first hill the engine refused to toil all the

way up with such a load, so we had to get out and walk up ourselves. We had to do this at every hill we came to, but finally we reached a fairly level road and sped home to a much needed dinner.

Miss Squair has been a constant help to us and I know we all wish her the best success in the coming years.

THE ELEMENTARY CLASS 1920-1921

Ontario Ladies' College,
Whitby, Ontario

The Elementary Class of 1920-1921 is the largest and as we strenuously assert, the very best that has ever been at O. L. C. The class was made up of fourteen members of which eight are going up for the Entrance Examination. With the exception of two of the Seniors, and our president, who was a Junior, we were all new girls.

I think we all agree that the person who did most toward making our class the great success it has been all year was our beloved advisory teacher, Miss Morden. During the year Miss Morden made us feel that although we were the youngest class in the school we were really very important and we must therefore live up to our class ideals, and do our part toward making this year the most wonderful that O.L.C. has ever had. Next to our class teacher I think we put our president, Florence Eastmond, in importance to our class. The other officers of the class were Mary Faircloth, the vice-president, and Virginia Frid, the secretary-treasurer. Virginia had to leave during the year on account of her illness, and we certainly missed her as she was a most efficient class officer.

The Elementaries are noted for being one of the busiest classes in the whole school and we therefore did not have much time for many class affairs. However, those we did have were so nice that they deserve mention here.

Our first class party was one given down in the Domestic Science Room. Miss Morden did a great deal toward the preparing of the dinner, and Margaret

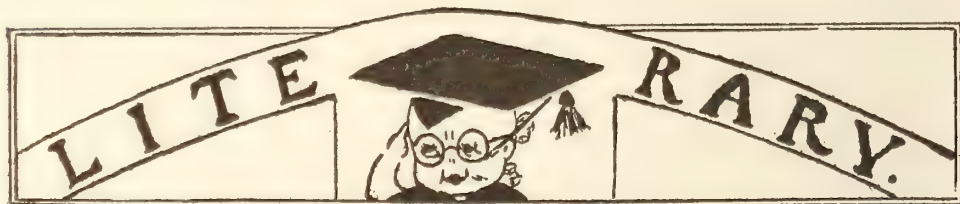
Webster came down and helped us with the cooking. The class was all arrayed in bloomers and middies, and everyone could not but feel unconstrained and at home in those garments. The dinner was delicious, steak done to a turn, ice-cream, and olives, rather rare viands about O.L.C. When the party broke up at seven-thirty everyone felt more than satisfied with our first attempt at class entertainment. As the winter advanced the Elementaries began to have less and less time and our second party was planned in a great hurry. This was a surprise birthday feast for Miss Spence. Miss Morden had to go away unfortunately, so Miss Chantler kindly helped us decorate the table with our class colours of orange and blue, and helped us purchase our flowers and eatables. The table looked very pretty, the flowers were beautiful, the surprise was complete, but perhaps the crowning glory of the feast was the birthday cake, decorated as a gentle compliment to Miss Spence, with just sixteen candles.

Of all the happenings in our class

I think that which stands out most prominently in our minds was the making and giving for the first time of our class yell. Although we sincerely admire and reverence our predecessors in the Elementary class either their voices were too weak or their feelings too over-powering for them to make much impression in the matter of a yell on O.L.C. We were determined that we would outstrip the whole school. Miss Morden made up a great deal of it, and when, on that great occasion of the Old Girls' Re-union Dinner we gave it for the first time, we flatter ourselves we made a hit.

Since then our work has crowded us more and more, and though we have tried to have something else, it has been impossible. However we all knew that could not be helped and as the year drew to a close we voted our dear Miss Morden and our splendid president a hearty vote of thanks for their patient persevering efforts for the happiness of the class, their unfailing class spirit and their good leadership.

N. H.



This year 1920-21 we have been very fortunate in having had quite a number of illustrated lectures and talks. These have not only been a source of enjoyment but of **great benefit**.

Among the number of very interesting and inspiring lectures, we had a series of travelettes given by Dr. Jacques. The first one was given October 12, on Canada. We started our travel at the east coast and as we journeyed westward we found ourselves swelling with pride, and by the time we reached the coast there was not one of us but was proud to call Canada our native land. On October 26 he favored us again, by giving one on Ceylon, quite the most interesting

of the series. The week-end of January 14, 15, 16 Dr. Jacques completed his series, one on England, and one on South Africa, and lastly one on Mesopotamia; and as we look back on these travelettes we feel that they have been very instructive and we have travelled to some places that we may never see again.

Dr. Chant, of Toronto University, visited the College October 30 and gave his illustrated lecture on Astronomy. We all agree that astronomy is a vast subject, but after he told us of the stars, **moon and sun and other planets** and explained their motion, it seemed that there was more to learn than we had ever suspected. The wonders of the

heavens were revealed to us in such a way that evening that we have become more interested than ever before.

Of course we know of Jack Minor, the bird man. We were given the opportunity of hearing his illustrated lecture on January 10, in the town. He spoke on wild geese and their habits. We found it very interesting because we knew so little of those things.

On April 15 we had a lecture illustrated with lantern slides given by Mr. Holmes, on furniture of the different periods, using chairs as the object of reference. We found this very interesting, because of its being so different from the usual lecture.

I am sure that everyone of us has read one or other of the "Anne" books, by L. M. Montgomery. On May 6th Mrs. Montgomery Macdonald came to the College and read us some of her own writings, including a letter from the last of the "Anne" books which is now being

completed. She then told us she was beginning a new series of books. I am sure we are all looking forward to reading these as we did the "Anne" books. We all enjoyed Mrs. Montgomery Macdonald and we shall not soon forget the one who has given us so much pleasure.

We were greatly favoured having Dr. Hare with us for a few of the closing days of our school year. He spoke to us on many occasions and on May 27 gave us a lecture on "Sponges." As Dr. Hare spoke of the different kinds of sponges, he showed us a collection of over three dozen. Not one of us realized that an ordinary sponge could have such a history. This lecture on "sponges" will be only one of our many happy remembrances of Dr. Hare.

In years to come when we look back on our days at O.L.C. we realize what an advantage it is to come to a school which affords such wonderful opportunities.

J. G.

—Y. W. C. A.—

Under the able leadership of Miss Côt Reynolds, the Y.W.C.A. has proved to be a splendid success this year. We have had a larger membership than ever before, and our Thursday evening meetings have been well attended all through the year. Interesting addresses were given by Miss Maxwell, Mrs. Turkington, Mrs. Howard, Miss Ball, Miss Chantler, Miss Archibald, Mr. Denyes, on his work among the Indians north of Winnipeg, and by many of our students. Several social evenings which gave us an opportunity of singing old songs, were enjoyed by all. These little meetings every week have proved a source of help and inspiration to us all.

Of course, we all enjoy our Sunday evening services, and we have had many interesting and helpful addresses this year, including those of President Southwick, on Vision; Mr. Ridout, who spoke

on Christian Stewardship; Professor Smith, of Toronto, on Social Service; Miss McCowan, whose address on Russia was so interesting; Mrs. Turkington, Miss Maxwell, Miss Ball, Miss Chantler and others. At our last two services Dr. Hare, our Principal Emeritus, gave us very inspiring addresses, one on the Human Elements of Power,—imagination, faith, will and love; the other on Perfection from the historical standpoint. Both these addresses will long be remembered by the girls. At the close of our last service Communion was administered and, we hope that this custom which was begun last year will be continued in the years to come.

A mission study class was held for several weeks every Sunday afternoon. The book chosen was "The Lure of Africa," by Cornelius H. Patton, and although the attendance was not large, we

feel sure that those who were present found these classes very helpful.

Y. W. C. A. RECEPTION

On the evening of Friday, September sixteenth, the Y.W.C.A. entertained the new girls, at a reception given in the Concert Hall. It was only the first of a series of delightful evenings, given by this prominent organization of our school. The decoration committee had transformed the hall by means of cushions, cozy chairs and flowers.

At the door Mr. Farewell, Miss Maxwell, Miss Wright and Cort Reynolds received. The girls grouped informally and listened to an enjoyable programme rendered by Marjorie Kisby, who played Sinding's "Rustle of Spring," Helene Alworth, who read Beatrice Hereford's "A Sociable Seamstress," and Reta Kerslake who sang "Bon Jour Susan."

After the delightful numbers Mr. Farewell and Miss Maxwell welcomed the old and new girls, on behalf of the Y.W.C.A., emphasizing its importance to the school.

Then a contest was suggested, which created much amusement. A name was pinned on the back of each person, and by the aid of a little description many of them were guessed.

When the winner was finally determined dainty refreshments were served by a number of the old girls, thus ending a very sociable evening, which we all felt had done a great deal towards acquainting the girls.

Miss Chantler was chosen Faculty Advisor for the Y.W.C.A. and she has proved herself worthy of this prominent and important position by her untiring interest and splendid help, and the Cabinet have always felt that she was ever ready to advise them when it was necessary.

On May 12 the election of officers for next year took place. Miss Olive Isaacs was elected President and Miss Marion Gill Secretary. We wish them every success in their work with the Y.W.C.A. next year.

THE BAZAAR

The Bazaar is always an interesting feature just before we leave for the Christmas holidays, and it was no less interesting and successful this year.

Miss Maxwell, in a few lovely and appropriate words, declared it open, and then the rush began. The fanciwork booth was charmingly decorated in mauve and green, and the large number of pretty articles contributed by the girls looked very attractive indeed, when they were so nicely arranged by the Misses Reta Kerslake, Kathleen McDonald and Elizabeth Morden.

The Athletic booth was, of course, decorated in dark blue and light blue and was a very pretty sight with the O.L.C. pennants and dainty kewpies dressed in school colors, hanging about. The punch bowl and cookies were well patronized by all. Miss Murchie, Louise Burns and Madeline Charles were in charge.

Nor must we forget the candy booth so daintily decorated in mauve and black, with its boxes of tempting candy, needless to say, it attracted a large crowd until the delicious sweets were all gone.

Misses Lily Austin and Hilda Dawson were in charge of the fish pond which was so nicely arranged and decorated in red and green. The numerous little articles fished for, caused a great deal of amusement and everyone reported a good time at the pond.

Miss Ethel Morden was responsible for the tea room which was artistically decorated with Xmas colors. Miss Morden and Miss Alcock, sang beautifully, and Miss Jane Merchant played the piano. The refreshments were daintily served and the hour in the tea-room was indeed a very pleasant one.

Misses Olive Isaacs and Grace Hinch dressed in Gypsy Costumes told fortunes, and in the mysterious little alcoves we learned all about our future.

The afternoon was a very enjoyable one for all, and we are sure that the bazaar was just as successful this year as it has been in the past.

EXPRESSION

One can scarcely believe that at last our days are numbered at O. L. C. Indeed we know we have been counting them over since they numbered in the early hundreds, but, as we have put our pencils through the calendar figures each night just before we popped into bed, we didn't realize just how quickly the days and hours and minutes were chasing each other away, and we wished that they'd go a great deal swifter—no, they couldn't go soon enough for us. Needless to say, we have of late changed our minds—and now in spite of our efforts to make the best of our fleeting moments, they seem to hide themselves just a little sooner and grin at us knowingly as if to say, "We knew long ago you'd appreciate us sometime"—So just what can we do? What would you do in a case like that?

Our Dramatic meetings this year have been a huge success. The first one was held on September 16th, and the results of the elections were as follows:

President—Madeline Payne.

Secretary—Helene Allworth.

Treasurer—Elva Haskett.

Business Manager—Marguerite Kersley.

The question as to when the meetings should be held was not decided.

On November 3rd, the second meeting was held. It was decided that the meetings should be held fortnightly, on Tuesday, from 8.30 to 9, with a social half hour once a month. It was decided that the Dramatic Club should entertain the Art Club on November 17. The entertainment committee was to consist of Hilda Dawson and Elva Haskett. Our Treasurer, due to other duties, resigned her office. Grace Hinch was then elected Treasurer.

The third meeting was held on November 24th. This took the form of a

social entertainment, and we were greatly pleased to welcome a number of our artistic friends. The first thing on the program was a contest. A number of small slips of paper were handed out, each having a subject written on it. Each was asked to write a stanza of four lines on the subject which had been given to her. Excitement ran high, and after a few minutes of deep concentration and thought, the masterpieces were read. After a weighty decision on the part of our honorable judges, the prize was awarded to Muriel Harvey, and Dorothy Algeo was given honorable mention.

The aforesaid verses were as follows:

1. Stop! Look!! Listen!!!

"We see it oft in 1-inch type,
We pause—our hopes have risen,
Alas! 'Tis but a Fire Sale—
Beneath this "Stop! Look!! Listen!!!"

2. "Movies."

Last night I went to the Movie Show
Because I didn't have anywhere else
to go.

I sat in back of a woman stout,
She kept twitching and jumping and
moving about

'Till at last I got as mad as could be,
I said, "Say, woman, have a heart on
me."

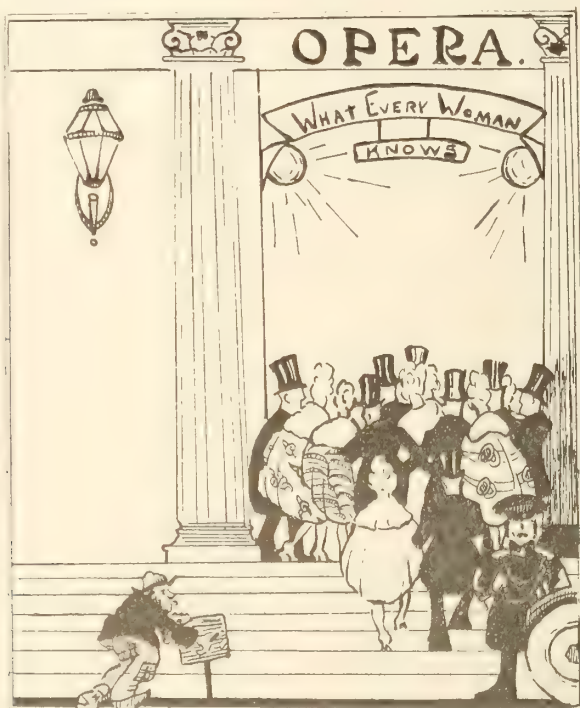
Next on the program was a recitation by Ruth Clemens, entitled, "The Mustard Plaster." This was greatly appreciated, as was signified by the applause. Marguerite Kersley read "Isaac Stein's Busy Day," and this was, too, enjoyed by all. Then came what most of us considered "the greatest event of the evening"—why it was the refreshments. Needless to say we all did justice to the dainty little repast, and were loathe to come to the end of a "perfect" evening.

It was after the Christmas vacation that we met again. On account of the

absence of our President we were obliged to elect a new one. This honor fell on Elva Haskett. We discussed the matter of a trip to Oshawa on January 29—but this was later postponed until February 19.

At the meeting on February 2nd we were greatly pleased to have two very delightful readings from Miss Ball. The first was one of our favorites: "Hiawatha's Wooing," by Longfellow, and secondly, "The Weathercock and the Maiden." After candy had been passed the meeting adjourned.

or three entertainments. The first of these was the Junior Dramatic Stunt. This was held in December. It took the form of a typical country school Christmas concert. The children were all excited, but spake their pieces very well, and the grand finale was a very bewitching little song entitled, "Dance Around the Christmas Tree," when the actors and actresses let themselves go back to their childhood days and "hip-pity-hopped" in childish glee as they received their bags of candies from the hands of their beloved teacher, Miss



The meeting on March 2nd was just as enjoyable as the former ones had been. Hilda Dawson gave a very enjoyable reading entitled, "Encouragement," and Alice Lees favored us with "The Bewitched Clock." Oranges were passed, and the meeting broke up about 9.30.

Of late all the Tuesday evening classes have been taken up for the Commencement Play.

During this year we have put on two

Dorothy Sorby. They were not quite so good later, when a number of city friends came down to entertain them, but considering that the Christmas vacation was drawing near, teacher pardoned their naughtiness and did not reprove them.

The program was as follows:

1. "The Bear Story," by Riley — Marguerite Kersley.
2. "Cassibianca"—Grace Hinch.

3. "The Night Before Xmas"—Ruth Clemens.
4. "The Over-worked Elocutionist"—Dorothy Van Vliet.
5. "Barbara Fretchie"—Jean Hickling.
6. "Charge of the Light Brigade"—Muriel Harvey.

The talent from the city rendered the following:

1. "The Kindergarten Tot"—Muriel Harvey.
2. "Sound and Fury"—Marguerite Kersley and Grace Hinch.
3. "The Lunatic Asylum"—Ruth Clemens and Dorothy Van Vliet.
4. "Mr. Traver's First Hunt"—Dorothy Sorby.

The Kiddies' concert seemed to be a success, and everyone went away greatly delighted with the school talent.

Among the "Dramatic treats" of the year was our annual visit from President Southwick. For many weeks we had awaited his visit with the most extreme anticipation, and when he finally came on Saturday, January 22nd, we realized that those expectations had not been in vain. On Saturday afternoon he gave us several scenes from "The Rivals," by Sheridan. His interpretations of Mrs. Malaprop and Sir Anthony, were delightful. Upon request he gave us a humorous piece entitled, "The Camel," which the pupils seem to enjoy more every year. In the evening he delivered to us a lecture on "The Orators and Oratory of Shakespeare," illustrating his talk from the various plays. On Sunday afternoon he spoke to us on "Vision," and we felt very sorry indeed when he bade us good-bye till next year.

The second entertainment was the Mid-Year Play, "What Every Woman Knows," by J. M. Barrie, on February 18th.

The cast was as follows:

Alick Wylie (father)—Jean Hickling.
James Wylie (son)—Grace Hinch.

David Wylie (son) — Marguerite Kersley.

Maggie Wylie (daughter)—Ruth Clemens.

Comtesse de la Briere—Helene Allworth.

Lady Sybil Tenderden—Muriel Harvey.

John Shand—Elva Haskett.

Charles Venables — Dorothy Van Vliet.

Maid—Dorothy Sorby.

From all accounts the play was a huge success, and we all felt delighted that it proved to be much beyond our expectations, because indeed we had all worked hard and tediously upon it. It was a cause of great merriment when Charles Venables came within a hair's breadth of losing his delightfully realistic moustache, and again, when John Shand tenderly placed "The Drop of his Blood" around Lady Sybil's neck, it dropped down, down, down, and was not procured again for at least seven minutes. Perhaps the audience failed to notice that. The Comtesse read Maggie's letter upside down—but there I've told you plenty of "stage secrets" now. All we can say is, we hope you liked the Commencement Play as well.

Then finally came our Commencement Play, "The Taming of the Shrew," on Tuesday evening, June 7.

The cast was as follows:

Baptista (a rich gentleman of Padua)—Marguerite Kersley.

Vincenzio (an old gentleman of Pisa)—Jean Sutherland.

Lucentio (son of Vincenzio, in love with Bianca)—Jean Hickling.

Petruchio (a gentleman of Verona, suitor to Katherine)—Dorothy Van Vliet.

Gremio, Hortensio (suitors to Bianca)—Elva Haskett, Grace Hinch.

Tranio, Beondello (servants to Lucentio)—Muriel Harvey, Maude McQuillan.

Grumio, Curtis (servants to Petruchio)—Dorothy Sorby, Elva Haskett.

A Pedant—Sherley Leishman.

Katherine, The Shrew, Bianco

(daughters to Baptisto)—Helene Allworth, Ruth Clemens.

Widow—Laura Riddalls.

Tailor—Jean Williams.

Haberdasher—Dorothy Alges

Servants—Helen Grout, Edna Bessett, Mavis Henman.

Excitement ran high, although we felt quite confident that the play would run along quite smoothly as it did at the rehearsals, yet we could not but feel just a little nervous. Nevertheless it seemed to be quite enjoyable, and our

friends told us that it was quite realistic. Perhaps no one knew that the toasts were drunk with diluted raspberry juice, and the roast meat was a brown cambric bag filled with cotton. It would be quite impossible to describe the characters, the manly strides, the deep voices—we will leave this for your imagination; but we will say that we hope you enjoyed the play. Who knows but what we might have showed many a hen-pecked husband the way to liberty and freedom by it.

Household Science

The Domestic Science Class of this year has certainly been a busy one, with its work and its pleasures. Until Christmas we were busy with our work but two weeks after the Christmas holidays we gave a tea which everyone admitted was a splendid success. At this tea we realized eighty-five dollars, clearing forty-five. Five dollars of this we wished to use for a sleigh ride but waited in vain for the snow, so we treated ourselves to a dinner instead. We each did our share in the cooking and it must be admitted in the eating too. At this dinner we presented Miss Dowson with a little gift as a small return for all her help and kindness during the year. Much fun we had during the clearing up process. All went to bed tired but feeling that we had had a splendid time.

The following Friday Mrs. Lander very kindly invited the whole class over

to her home in Oshawa to have tea. We walked over and after a delicious supper drove home in cars. It was a rare treat and I am sure we shall never forget Mrs. Lander's kindness.

After some consideration the Class decided to place the forty dollars they had on hand at the disposal of the school—the interest to be used for a prize for the highest standing in the Junior Domestic class. The school kindly added sixty dollars to this fund making in all one hundred dollars, which bearing interest at six per cent., will furnish a sufficient sum for a suitable prize.

Now is the end of the year and all our class have been successful, in fact we have a larger number of graduates than any of the other departments, and all our Juniors and Homemakers have passed their examinations successfully.

Commercial

At the beginning of the year, Mr. Farewell gave a very interesting address on "The Business Woman," which all enjoyed, after which refreshments were served.

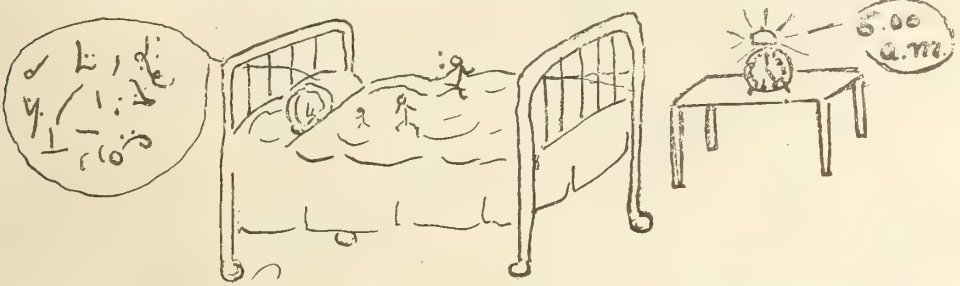
A short time before our Christmas vacation, Margaret Storey and Helen Moore very graciously consented to give addresses. The former spoke on "The Opportunities of the Business Girl," and

the latter on "The Cotton Industry."

At one of the meetings a spelling match was held between the Junior and Senior Commercial girls at which Miss

by Miss Archibald for the girls, at which everyone had a most enjoyable time.

There have been some disappointments in the Commercial Department



Chantler presided. The Juniors were the winners, the success being due to Edna Cameron.

Last but not least, was a surprise party given in the Domestic Science Room,

this year as some of our plans were spoiled on account of the weather. However on the whole it has been a happy year, and we wish the Junior girls every success for the year to come.

H. L.



The opening meeting of the Art Club this year was a very satisfactory one to all. Olive Payne was elected president, Mildred Cole vice-president and Jean Stuart, sec.-treas.

The classes this year have been very small but we all feel that excellent work has been done both in the Junior and Senior Fine Arts Courses, as well as in the School Classes. The public school classes also deserve honourable mention.

Excellent studies of birds and still life work were painted during the winter months. This spring found the girls busy out-doors. These studies are on Exhibition during Commencement week. The china painting is especially delightful and holds a very prominent place in the Exhibition.

The fortnightly meetings of the Club were very enjoyable as well as helpful. The girls very willingly took part in reading the life history and works of Modern and Old Artists.

The Art Club spent a very enjoyable evening when entertained by the Dramatic Club, Ruth Clemens and Marguerite Kersley read to us. Many games were played after which light refreshments were served.

The Art Club tea also was a big success. The common-room was made very attractive with Statuettes and the class colours. The girls made charming waitresses in their gold and black dresses.

A very interesting and enjoyable address was furnished us by Mr. Holmes, O.S.A., on Period Furniture.



Music has always been a very important factor in O.L.C., and certainly this year has been no exception to the rule. We have had many splendid concerts, and have enjoyed them all.

The first of these concerts was a Harp Recital, given by Mr. Jos. Quintile, assisted by Mrs. Cowlshaw, soprano; Mr. Blachford, violinist; and Mr. Atkinson, organist. This recital was the first of its kind to be given in the College, and was very much enjoyed. Mr. Quintile is a solo harpist of first standing, and has a beautiful harp, of which he is justly proud.

Mrs. Cowlshaw is a soprano soloist, and has a clear and charming voice that was pleasant to listen to.

Mr. Blachford is one of Toronto's leading violinists, and we always enjoy hearing him play.

Mr. Atkinson, of course, is too well known to readers of Vox to need any introduction. He is with us, we are glad to say, at least two days every week.

The entire program was a splendid treat, and the final number, with all four artists taking part, was especially enjoyed. This number was Bach-Gou-

nod "Ave Maria," sung by Mrs. Cowinshaw, with violin, harp and organ accompaniment.

The second recital of the school year was given by the pupils of Mr. Slater, from Toronto; Mr. Arthur Plumbstead, Miss Ada Richardson and Miss Fanny Rogers, assisted by Miss Olive Smith, Oshawa.

On Wednesday afternoon the teachers and students assembled in the concert hall to listen to the third recital of the series. This recital was given by Mr. Johnston, on a guitar. Mr. Johnston was very generous, and responded with encores again and again.

The fourth concert was one of especial interest, not only to the teachers and students of the College, but also to our friends in the town, and in Oshawa. This concert was given by Miss Greta Masson, who was a former student of O.L.C., and a soprano singer of unusual power. She possesses a voice of rare sweetness and strength, a gracious manner, and a pleasing appearance. Miss Masson prefaced her recital with a few well chosen words of pleasure, at meeting again with old friends. This program was most thoroughly enjoyed.

Miss Mona Bates had played for O. L.C. last year, and so the anticipation and pleasure with which the old students looked forward to her coming, made the new students very anxious for her recital. Miss Bates looked very lovely and dainty as she came upon the platform, and old and new students alike welcomed her heartily. This is, perhaps, one, if not the most delightful concerts of the year, and every one of the numbers on the program was listened to with the keenest enjoyment. We sincerely hope that Miss Bates may be able to visit us again.

Following this was a concert by the "Brush sisters," Olive and Marjorie. Miss Olive Brush is a member of our own faculty, and her playing is always a delight. This particular programme was especially adapted to younger people. Miss Marjorie Brush, soprano,

gave some explanations of the music and sang interpretative songs. All this was in a measure new and most interesting.

Next in the series comes one that we have come to regard as an annual affair, "The Toronto String Quartette." This Quartette has given us a program for four consecutive years, and each year we look forward to their coming more than the year previous. This year the Quartette was assisted by Miss Gladys Hart, A. T. C. M., who played "Brahms Horn Trio" with Mr. Smith and Mr. Blachford. As a special favor and at a special request they again played "The Fairies" for us. This very dainty selection seems to give us more



and more pleasure each year. We hope that the String Quartette will continue their annual visits to us for a long time to come.

On the evening of May 20th, Mr. Atkinson brought the Sherbourne Street Methodist Church Choir down from Toronto to give us a concert. The program was a miscellaneous one, but principally a sacred concert. But there was one secular chorus, "Keep on

Hopin' and a humorous part song "Bold Turpin," which gave variety and added enjoyment. Many people from town were with us, and the concert was enjoyed by all.

The officers of the Okticlos enjoyed the pleasure of attending the receptions given in the drawing-room after each of these recitals, and of meeting the various artists. These occasions were delightful for all who participated in them.

The Choral Society this year has been under the direction of Mr. Atkinson, assisted by Miss Alcock and Miss Morden. Good work has been done by the Society as was shown by their work on Commencement Day.

We are all glad to have Mr. David Dick Slater at the head of the Vocal Department of our School. It is interesting to have such a well known composer, accompanist, teacher and man, associated with us, and we hope that Mr. Slater will continue on our Faculty for many years to come.

What would we do without Mr. Atkinson? Well, we can't imagine O.L.C. without Mr. Atkinson, coming in every week, bringing good cheer with a fresh supply of puns and jokes. We knew we couldn't get along without him. Stick to O.L.C., Mr. Atkinson, and through her stick to all her students. N.F.M.

THE OKTICLOS CLUB.

The year 1921 has drawn to a close, and never, in all its history, has it been a more successful year for the Okticlos Club.

At the first meeting of the Club the officers were elected as follows:

Hon. Pres.—Mr. G. D. Atkinson.

President—Miss Norma Moore.

Vice-President — Gwendolyn Klombies.

Secretary—Helen Johnston.

Treasurer—Marjorie Kisbey.

Executive Committee—Viola Cornell, Jane Merchant, Ethel Morden.

Throughout our school year, the Okticlos officers and executive have work-

ed in splendid co-operation, and have truly done their best, both in the interest of the Club itself, and the school as a whole.

In October, the Okticlos gave a tea to the College. Every girl taking any share worked faithfully, and the result was a successful undertaking, both from artistic and financial standpoints.

One of the happiest occasions this year was the evening on which the new picture for the studio was unveiled. Just here, we may say a word in appreciation of the fine work Mr. Greene did for us, with regard to this picture. It assuredly is an improvement to the studio, and in itself is a charming piece of art.

On the evening of the unveiling, the faculty were received at the door by Mrs. Atkinson, our President, Miss Moore, and Vice-President Miss Klombies.

Within, the studio presented a pretty effect, with its soft lights, inviting chairs, and graceful flowers. The program was contributed solely by members of the faculty, and Miss Maxwell, Mr. Farewell, and Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson, and Mr. Greene, all spoke in admiration of the works of Music and Art.

At fairly regular intervals throughout the year, we have held our Club meetings, and these have ever proved most enjoyable and instructive.

Our last gathering was an occasion of much pleasure, for at it, a fine bust of Shakespeare was given by Mr. Atkinson to the Club.

We regretted deeply the fact that Mrs. Atkinson was unable to be here to present it, but our President ably acted in her behalf. Miss Moore took this opportunity of thanking the Club for its co-operation with her in the past year.

It was only fitting that we should also acknowledge to Mr. Atkinson, our teacher and friend, our very deep gratitude and appreciation for his splendid work among us during the year of 1920-21. So it was, that in some slight

degree that we expressed these thoughts to him, in the form of a gold eversharp pencil. Miss Klombies made the presentation.

Mr. Atkinson responded to her address, and assured us of his sincere interest in the Club and all its members,

promising, he said, to make his mark with the pencil.

Throughout this year—the Okticlos Club has enjoyed prosperity and success, and our wish is that it may be just as successful, if not even more so, next year, and in the years to come.

Helen F. Johnston.



The Athletic Association was organized soon after school opened in September, and the following officers were elected:

Miss Murchie—Honorary President
 Louise Burns—President
 Madelyn Charles—Vice President
 Mary Miller—Treasurer
 Ethel Morden—Secretary.

From that time on, their special interest was directed toward making the association stronger than ever before; and judging by the results this certainly was accomplished.

Each Friday night when there was no special entertainment the officers arranged some sort of entertainment for the girls. This was sometimes in the form of a masquerade, a swimming meet, a basket-ball game, or a skating party. The girls responded splendidly and as members of the association entered into all the activities.

Both the Spring and Fall field days were made interesting by the large number of entries, and the splendid work of the girls. This was also true of the aquatic meets held in March and May

The Gymnasium exhibition given by the girls was one of the best and the results showed the hard work done and the time spent for its success. We hope that the students of next year and the years to come will continue to advance this splendid work and make the A.A. even more successful than it has hitherto been.

BASKET-BALL

Three cheers for our basket-ball team! Yes, three cheers, and again three cheers, because not only were they a winning team but "good winners" and "hard workers."

Of the fourteen girls who were chosen for the squad, the six who were to play were not chosen until the day before the game. This enabled us to have two complete teams for practice, kept each girl playing her best, and gave each one an opportunity of playing in the game.

It was impossible for us to play as many games this year as we wished, but out of the five we played, we lost only one.

Our games with St. Margaret's Col-

lege, which we have previously enjoyed so much, unavoidably had to be cancelled.

The first game of the year was between Whitby High School and our school. This game was played on September 30, in our gym, and our team won 76-2. Our team was composed of larger girls but nevertheless we all enjoyed it.

On October 22 Oshawa High School accepted our challenge and the teams played off in our gym. It was in this game that the swift sure passes of our team were first noticed and due to them we again won 40-19. A return match was agreed upon and on November 6 our team went to Oshawa, in cars, to play again. Here they played their first game on an outdoor court, but despite that, and the unusual number of spectators they carried the day with the fine score of 29-10. This was a much more exciting, and a swifter game than the last.

It was impossible to arrange any more games until after Easter but as soon as the holidays ended the practices began in earnest.

Saturday, April 16 was a most exciting day for the whole school as well as for the team. They left, with Miss Murchie, on the 8.52 train for Toronto, to play Havergal College.

They were met at the Union Station by two of the Havergal girls who drove them to the school. When the time for the game arrived it was hard to say which team was the more excited.

The game promised, from the very first, to be a swift, good game. At the end of the first half Havergal stood ahead with a good score. During the second half our team picked up but odds were too great and Havergal won with the score of 27-11. The beauty of the game was the clean, sportsmanlike way in which both teams played.

After dinner, to which both teams did ample justice, all our girls were taken to the Allen Theatre by the Havergal team and their coaches—Miss Porter and Miss Linton, and everyone enjoyed the afternoon exceedingly.

The O. L. C. team arrived back here in good spirits, like the true sports they are, and all declared that the game had been a wonderful one. Even though the score may not indicate it, yet it was a very fast, close game.

We were fortunate in having the return game played the next week, and everyone was eagerly awaiting the game, long before the time for it to commence.

The Havergal team's playing was characterized by its high passes and by the way the girls jumped for the balls. On the other hand the combination of our team, especially in centre between Hazel Taylor and Louise Burns, was worthy of great praise. Their passes were the very opposite to the Havergal passes, being low and quick, thus making a very pretty as well as exciting game to watch.

This game ended rather differently than the other and our team won with the splendid score of 28-10. Both teams enjoyed the games so well that the only thing they could have done to satisfy them was to promise to arrange a match to be played on neutral ground. Miss Porter and Miss Murchie did their best to arrange this but due to the proximity of the examinations this could not be done. The combined score now remains 39-37 in favour of O.L.C.

We all hope that the next year's team will keep up this record, and so wish them "good luck." Do your best, girls, and the school will do its best for you.

SWIMMING

This year has been a banner year for swimming as well as for basketball. The girls have thrown themselves wholeheartedly into the work obtaining 100 swimming awards for the year.

Examiners of the Life-Saving Society have been kept busy here, correcting the written papers as well as examining the practical work.

We have made a record this year which will be hard to beat. Eighteen girls have won their Silver Medals, while nearly sixty have won their Bronze and Proficiency certificates. And not one

girl tried and was unable to finish her examination.

The swimming meets have also demonstrated the faithful practice of the girls. The Fall meet was won by Marjorie Nichol, with Florence Eastmond second and Grace Elliott third.

The Spring Meet, held June 3, was even more exciting. The holders of their Silver Medals competed for a Gold Medal, given by Hazel Taylor, and Madeline Charles was the winner. This Medal is one of the most coveted prizes given and naturally the competition was keen. Alice Lees was a very close second for this medal and we hope will get it next year.

The holders of the Bronze Medallions competed for a Silver Medal, given by Dr. J. J. Hare, and Grace Elliott was the winner. Betty Wright came second, being only one mark behind Grace.

The girls who weren't fortunate enough to try in these two competitions tried for the O.L.C. letters. Little Marjorie Muir, the youngest girl in the school, won letters, and Beatrice Moreland came second, getting numerals.

The meet closed with an interesting but funny game of "Follow the Leader."

One of the first Athletic events of the year was the Fall Field Day, held on Saturday, November 6. A large majority of the girls entered this meet, thus making it much more interesting.

This meet was divided into the Junior and Senior sections and in this way the younger girls had an opportunity of showing what they could do. Irene Delahey won the Senior Meet and Grace Elliott the Junior.

The next Field Day was held during Commencement week. This year Mr. Farewell awarded a beautiful cup to the winner of the Meet. Louise Burns was the successful person and won it well, having a high number of points to her credit.

THE ATHLETIC TEA

Promptly at 3.45, Saturday, April 30, the doors of the drawing-room and com-

mon room were opened and at last the expectant girls were allowed to peep in. It was the day of the Athletic tea and the room was most prettily and gracefully decorated with light blue and dark blue streamers, our school colours. Each table was decorated with a coral rose, and with the dim lights the effect was cosy and inviting. The Colour scheme was further carried out by the waitresses wearing the little ruffled caps and aprons, of the same colours.

Soon the refreshments were served and Jane Merchant and Helen Johnston played throughout the afternoon. This music sometimes classical, sometimes popular, was greatly appreciated and added pleasure to the afternoon.

Everyone was delighted with the election of Louise Burns to the Strathcona Shield, for greatest excellence in Sportsmanship, Womanly Qualities and Scholarship. Louise obtained a very high majority of the ballots cast and everyone was contented.

The gymnasium exhibition this year was one of the best ever given here. The drills and marching were characterized with a vigour, precision and "snap" which has never before been so noticeable.

This was true also of the free arm exercises. No one was behind and the lines were so straight that one thought not of a class, but of five individuals. In the club drill the rhythm of the girls was almost perfect and the way in which they handled their clubs bespoke long practice.

The dancing was all lovely and it is hard to pick out any more deserving of credit than the others—they all deserved it.

Nellie Murchie's dance, The Dragon Fly, ended in a perfect "split" which caused most of the audience to gasp. We were greatly relieved to see her get up again, however, and dance merrily off the floor.

The Scott twins did a very pretty and graceful dance, Dresden China Gavotte,

and their old-fashioned costumes added to the beauty of it.

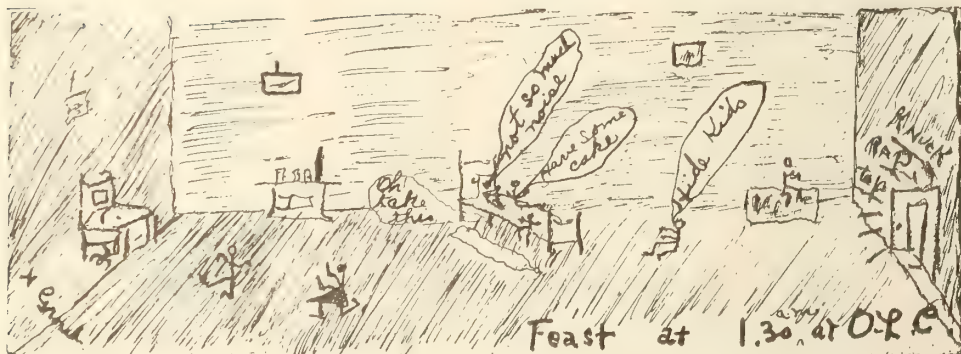
The apparatus was used to great advantage, the girls showing their skill not only on the rings and horse but also on the flying wings and horizontal ladder. These pieces showed perhaps more than anything else, how the girls worked.

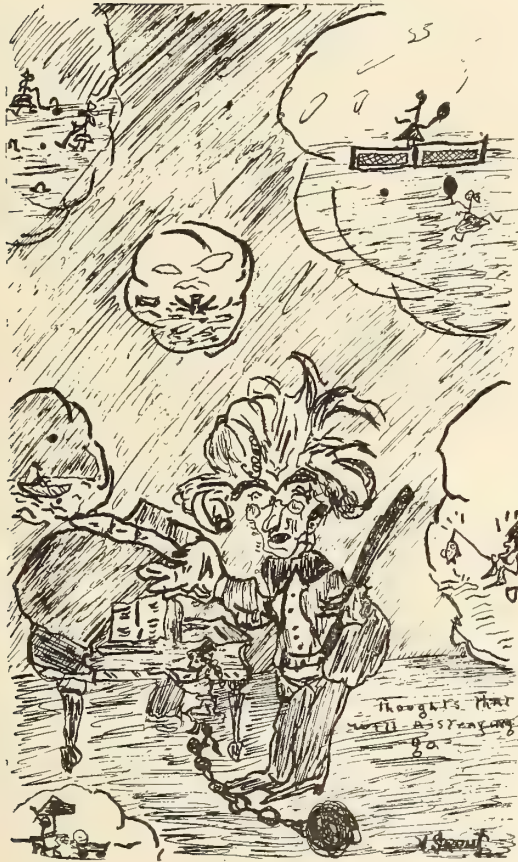
A very fitting ending to this work was a pyramid, composed of twelve girls.

The final number was a group dance Elysian Fields. In this dance there were twelve girls; two of these Marjorie Nichol and Irene Carse, were the leaders to whom the others did homage.

Miss Murchie was presented with some roses as a very small token of the appreciation of the girls for her splendid work. Jane Merchant was heartily cheered for her piano accompaniment.

Cartoons





Trafalgar Daughters

Tuesday, June seventh, was Trafalgar Daughters' day at the College. Mrs. Ross, President of the Governing Board of Trafalgar Daughters, presided over the meeting which was held in the College drawing-room at three o'clock. As Mr. Farewell was detained, Miss Maxwell made a cordial speech of welcome which was graciously responded to by Mrs. Allworth, of Montreal. The minutes of last year's meeting were read and approved. A report of the year's work of the Toronto chapter was read

by the secretary, Miss Score; Miss L. Dryden read the report of the Whitby Chapter. The seniors of the class of 1921, their mothers and their guests were received and welcomed by Mrs. Ross and the retiring and newly elected presidents of the Toronto and Whitby chapters respectively: Mrs. Riches, Mrs. Webster, Miss Annis and Miss Powell. Mrs. Holliday addressed the class on behalf of the Trafalgar Daughters in a speech full of warmth and feeling. Solos were delightfully rendered by Mrs.

Westley, of Toronto, and Miss Alcock, of the College staff. It was moved by Miss Annis, seconded by Mrs. Forsythe, that the meeting recommended to the Chapters and the Governing Board the offering of a prize in a competition open to all students of the Ontario Ladies' College for the best one act play suitable for performance out-of-doors, as a feature of the Jubilee programme three years hence. This motion was carried.

Mr. and Mrs. Farewell then met the guests and refreshments were served. Among the former students present was Mrs. Price, who attended the College in the year 1877-'78, and whose reminiscences were very interesting. Seven o'clock recalled some the members to their homes in Toronto and elsewhere, but a number remained at the College to witness the Commencement Play and the Graduating Exercises of the following day.

Ontario Ladies' College Alumnae

Accurately the word "Alumnæ" means graduate, but much use has made it mean undergraduate, and just as often as not it is simply resolved into "Old Girls." This being so the membership of our Alumnae during the past years has been most representative of the College life, covering quite some few years back; the more recent years of course predominating. The enthusiastic interest shown in our meetings may be judged by the membership of sixty six with an average attendance of forty five.

We have been fortunate in having such outstanding speakers as Miss M. E. I. Addison, Dr. Pidgeon, who brought his beautiful lantern pictures of the Life of Christ, Mr. Roy Mitchel of the Hart House Players' Club, Rev. W. B. Caswell in an illustrated talk on Westminster Abbey, Mrs. A. L. Hamilton, Judge Mott of the Juvenile Court, Miss Nella Jefferis who read from Canadian Authors, and at our luncheon we had the pleasure of having His Honour Mr. Justice Riddell give us an important address on Canada.

In view of the Bi-Centennial which occurs in three years' time, it was thought that it would be well to each previous year engage in some financial enterprise which would not only insure the smooth running of our own monthly meetings, but would leave a surplus which—at the proper time—would enable us to make some gift, the nature of which to be decided by our members, which would stand as a testimony of our love and appreciation of the College we each one have the pleasure of calling Alma Mater.

For this year a Bazaar has been planned for November, and a Musicales Dance for January. It may be surmised from the foregoing that not only is the enthusiasm of the past year taken into consideration but the certainty of its continuance. Also the new members who, coming to us will not only share in the arranged plans but will help in the form of any new ones which may reflect back to the College our unswerving allegiance.

HELEN SCOTT,
Corresponding Secretary.

Second Prize Essay

WHY MIDNIGHT FEASTS ARE GOING OUT OF STYLE

The summer holidays had come and Duska Grey had come home to her family after another year of boarding school. She was sewing on the verandah when her younger sister, Betty, came bouncing

up the steps with hot, flushed cheeks and bobbed hair flying. She seated herself at her sister's feet and her dress, already dirty, mopped the floor.

"Duska, mother says I must keep still and get cooled off before I go in for a swim," she said, still out of breath, "and

so I would like you to tell me a story about school, all about the feasts you went to and how you got caught."

The other girl laughed, "Why, Betty, dear, I have only been at two feasts this year. Girls don't have them to the extent they used to long ago."

Betty, ever curious, pleaded the cause.

"Well, sister, I'll tell you a little story about our feast and you can easily understand that the others are very similar to it."

The Story.

Mrs. Brown decides to send her daughter, who is at boarding school, a box. She works hard around the hot kitchen and fixed it up beautifully. When it is ready Daddy Brown takes it to the express office and has it sent to Hilda. When it arrives Hilda and her chums plan an elaborate feast. Friends are invited and everything is prepared during study hour.

At the appointed hour, twelve o'clock, the sleepy guests arrive. They are all rather tired, and although they eat plenty they are a bit quiet and old Mr. Fun-and-joy seems missing. When everything is eaten goodnights are said and they go back to bed along the halls, which are, for the most part, free from teachers.

At classes the next day the girls are inattentive and restless. Few have their homework done and they must remain after regular school hours to make up time. One or two of the girls have been excused from classes and are lying in bed with plenty of time to wonder if last

night's festivities were really worth while. During the recreation hour they manage to congregate to talk over the events of the previous night. Hilda bemoans the fact that the feast fell flat because it lacked the spice which being caught adds to it. Hilda's room-mate tells, dramatically of the mice that visited them when the others had left and how they slipped along the floor and even climbed up on the table.

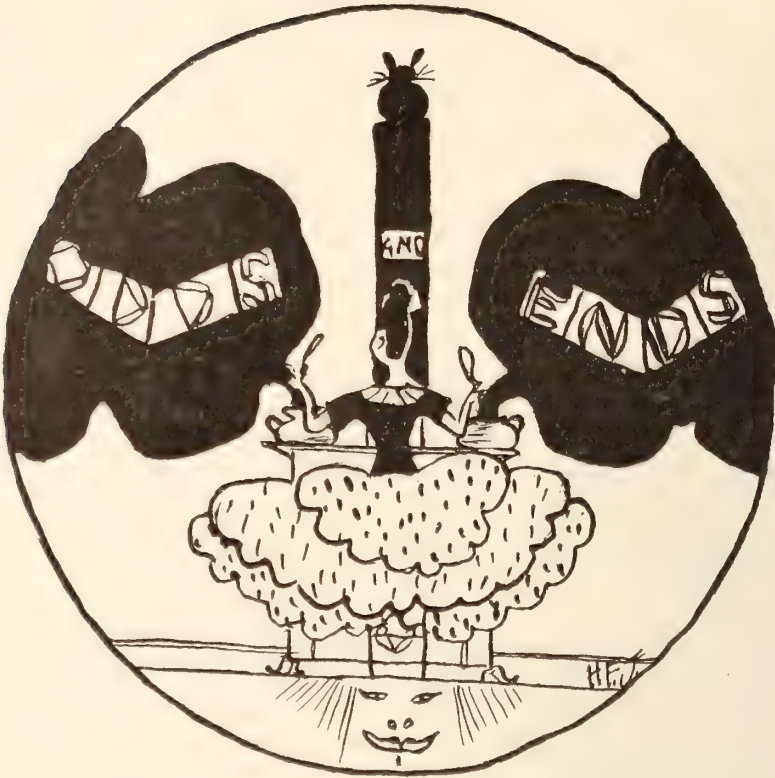
When the reports come home disappointed mothers and daddies notice that two or three of these Midnight Feasts have caused a distinct lowering of the examination marks. The girls see how foolish it all is and they decide to take all their sleep and have their parties during the visiting hours.

"Now, Betty, do you understand why girls don't enter into the once thrilling pastime so joyously?"

"I suppose," Betty said, in a disappointed tone as she gave a tug at her sock, "it's because they are getting more common sense!"

Duska smiled as she put down her sewing and rose, "No, dear, they are just beginning to look into the future and see that uneducated people with weak characters and foolish ways are not going to get anywhere in the world in this day and age, and they realize that sly pastimes are not sports and will never strengthen one's character and prepare them for Bigger Things. Now, run to your room and put on your bathing suit and we'll go for a swim."

SHIRLY LEISHMAN.



Of all the sad surprises
There's nothing can compare
To stepping in the darkness
On a step that isn't there.

general in distance, running up to him
—Say, General, the Sergeant's been
looking all over for you. You'd better
hurry!

Doctor—Do you always stutter like
that?

Patient—N-n-no sir. Only wh-when
I talk.

Diner—Waiter, look here—there's a
button in my salad, and—

Waiter (soothingly)—Don't be al-
armed, sir, that's only part of the
dressing.

Sargeant, running up to coolie, who
was on guard for first time.—Have you
seen the General?

R.O.G.—No sir.

Sergeant (ten minutes later)—Have
you seen the General?

R.O.G.—No, sir.

(Half hour later).—Rookie, seeing

Girl (to record dealer)—Have you
“Bright Eyes?”

R.D. (reflecting)—Oh, you mean the
record.

Girl (blushing)—Of course.

If your dearest friend was standing
on the shore and the tide came and
washed her out, what would you do?

Give up? Yes!

Throw her a cake of soap to wash
her back.

Once I heard a teacher say
The Scott twins her great dismay,
On Lower Francis they're the ones
Who cause the uproar and the fun.

Heard between splashes—Say, Ikey,
this soap is hard.

Ikey—No wonder, it's castile.

Favorite Savings of the Faculty.

Mr. Farewell—I'll be in the front office to-morrow at two.

Miss Maxwell—When I was a student at boarding school.

Miss Square—Hee! hee!

Miss Elliott—It was **that** funny

Miss Murchie—Left, right; left, right.

Miss Alcock—Third warning has gone, girls.

Miss Ball (after second)—Any visitors.

Miss Morden.—I was at a party last night. I've got a new crush!

Miss Dowson—Is Ivribody home?

Miss Chantler—I think so, too.

Miss Spence—Look it up in the dictionary.

Miss Wright—Just a little more purple.

Miss Brush—**Do** relax.

Miss Emsley—Isn't that just great?

Miss Carruthers—Now, if you **make** me angry.

Miss Stevens—Seen Rosie?

Miss Archibald—Im' so sick of dictating shorthand.

Miss Wallace—Has any one any O. L.C. dishes in her room?

Mr. Atkinson—Keep your eye on me, ladies.

Miss Holland—Well, now don't ask me.

Mr. Slater—Sing in the head.

Miss White—Just a minute, I'll get the cold cream.

Darkey (addressing lost youngster).—Lost, honey?

L. Y. (crying)—Yes.

Darkey.—An' why didn't you hang on yo mammy's han'?

L. Y.—'Cause it was full of parcels.

Darkey—Why didn't yo hang on yo mammy's skirt?

L. Y.—'Cause, I couldn't reach it!

'Twas midnight on the ocean,
Not a horse-ear was in sight;
The sun was shining brightly,
For it rained all day that night.

It was a summer day in autumn,
The snow was raining fast;
The barefoot boy with shoes on
Stood sitting on the grass.

'Twas midnight, and the setting sun
Was rising in the west;
The little fishes in the trees
Lay cuddled in the nest.

While the organ peeled potatoes,
Loud was rendered by the choir;
While the deacon rang the dishrag,
Some one set the church afire.

Holy Smokes! the deacon shouted,
As he madly tore his hair;
Now his hair resembles heaven,
For there is no parting there.

Teacher—Can anybody tell me what a bachelor is?

Johnny—A bachelor is the happiest man in the world.

Teacher (much amused).—Who told you that?

Johnny—Dad!

Sue—How would you amuse a Scotchman in his old age?

Reta—Don't know.

Sue—Tell him a joke when he is young! (Have you got it yet, Reta?)

Ikey says she is getting so fat that she can hardly get in her wicker chair.

We suggest she use a shoe horn.

Mary—What kind of soap do you use on your face, Laura?

Laura—Oh, any kind the kids happen to have.

Charlotte says that after she pays her nickle for this thing, her dime for that thing, and her quarter for the other thing, the only thing she will be able to keep is the Ten Commandments.

Doctor (to patient)—You cough better this morning.

Patient—I ought to—I've been practising all night!

Speaking of old maids—Why do they always wear gloves? Why to keep the chaps away, of course.

Why are some people like airplanes? Because they are no use on earth.

Shirl—Do you know, Louise, when I was down town to dinner at Elliott's last week I'm sure we had horse-meat.

Louise—Why, Shirl—you'd never get horse meat at Elliott's.

Shirl—Well, Louise, I know it was horse meat, because just as I swallowed some at dinner, a man yelled "whoa" to his horse in the street, and the meat stuck in my throat from force of habit!

Grace—Did you hear about the big fight down in one of the boarding houses in town?

Florence—No, when was it? Anybody killed? Tell me about it!

Grace—Well the paper hanger hung a border (boarder), but they say it was only a rumor (roomer).

Painful Extraction from Exam. Papers

Columbus didn't believe that tail about the earth was round.

Digestion is the pain that comes in the stomach when you eat too fast.

Egerton Ryerson established a public school in each province. He was all for lower education.

Bishop Strachan founded Bishop Strachan School for Anglicans.

Milk is important because it contains all the elements.

Everyone was in breathless silence even the traffic had come to a stand-point.

William of Normandy told his archers to shoot upwards, and one went into Harold's eye.

A young hopeful's version of the First Psalm.

"Blessed is the man that walkest not

in the Council of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners, or sat in the seat of the scornful; for his delight is in the law of the Lord, and he shall take exercise day and night."

Miss Chantler—What is the locomotion of a frog?

Trixie—A frog swims like a fish.

Sue—Gee! I feel so confectionery this morning.

J. S.—Well, as long as you don't get feeling cafeteria and helping yourself, I don't mind.

Pat to Mike—Please answer my question. You sound in a bad humor when you don't speak.

"You tell 'ems"

You tell 'em, Alice, you're such a Savage.

You tell 'em, Bernice, you're such a Breeze.

You tell 'em, Jimmie, you're such a Bean.

You tell 'em, Muriel, you fell over a Cliff.

What's an optimist?

A girl who buys silk stockings with cotton tops—hoping the skirts won't be any shorter.

Porter—Shall I brush you off, sir?

Passenger—No thanks, I prefer to get off in the usual manner.

I Wonder What Would Happen

If Miss Squair lost her grin

If Helen couldn't talk.

If Charlotte wore the same dress twice.

If 33 Upper Francis ever had lights out at fourth.

If the asylum were near the college.

If Kisby couldn't giggle.

If Jimmie lost her Bean.

If "fish eyes" were no more.

If Miss Wright stayed over Sunday.

If Nellie cut her bangs.

If Maggie Annie dropped her "puffs."

If Miss Murchie missed a mail (male)

Miss Chantler—Look, Grace, your arm is dirty clean up to the elbow.

Grace (brightly) — Pardon, Miss Chantler—it is dirty up to the elbow.

M.S.—Jane, please run up the blind.
Jane—? ?

Miss Carruthers (dictating)— They are bringing in the corn.

Winnie (looking at scribbler) —Oh! I'm full.

Miss C.—Muriel, answer my question, please.

Muriel (stammering)—I beg your pardon.

Miss C.—Where were you?

Muriel (absentmindedly)— Toronto!

Hopeless.

Mother—Don't ask so many questions. Do you know that curiosity killed the cat?

Mary—What did the cat want to know, Mother?

Overheard in Child's.

Mother (to Bobby, who had been eating for an hour)—Son, if you eat any more you will burst.

Bobby (sweetly)—Hand me the ice-cream and get out of the way.

A young man was proposing to his sweetheart: "I press you on bended knee," he began.

"Wouldn't an ironing-board be better?" interrupted the girl with a smile.

Heard in geography class:

Major—What prevents people from falling off the earth when it is upside down?

Miss Chantler (patiently)—The Law of Gravity, of course.

Major—But what stopped that before the law was passed?

Sign in downtown restaurant: Don't mind the coffee, you'll be old and weak

Things We Could Do Without.

Ikey's blushes.

All the crushes,

Norma's thumps,

Nellie's bumps,

Push at eleven,

The locking of seven,

Miss Chantler's pokes,

Gertrude's jokes,

Kisbey's giggle,

Emma's wiggle.

Overheard in seven.—Why the blush, Pratty?

R.D.—Can't you see she's using Taylor's soap?

If the western farmers don't stop feeding their hens grasshoppers, eggs will jump in price.

My mother-in-law swallowed a spoon and now she can't stir.

(Wha' da' ya' mean "stir"?)

Miss Chantler—Dorothy, what is a four sided figure?

Dorothy—A dead parrot.

Miss Chantler—A what? ? ?

Dorothy—Oh! I mean a "polygon."

"You're a Brick."

There is a wealth of meaning in the bit of sincere flattery expressed in the words, "You're a brick"; but few persons know whence originated the expression.

It dates back to the ancient times when Sycurgus, pointing proudly to the Spartan host, exclaimed: "There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta, every man is a brick.

Once there was a man who did a good deed and didn't brag about it. He died before he had a chance to talk to anyone.

The present tense of the verb "to buy" is "charge it."

What's In a Name?

On a Cole and Breezy day Algie went

into the Dale. She took her Tusons with her. But the two young Savages ate some Newberries and got a Payne. Andersons yelled, "Great Scott, how it Burns!

So intense was it that Holden their tuppies they ran at a great Pace over the Lees and through the Fairfield and jumped into Kerslake and swam along SinClaire River into the Klombies' Pool. As they emerged they felt the Cole Breese which wafted over the Glenn towards the Sutherland. They were neither Glad nor Rosy as they returned over the Copeland to their mother.

Archibald Begg-ed to be forgiven, as he related the Storey of the Schabby trick. But their mother only said: "Of Carse you won't Doe it again. So come right along to Johnston the Merchant's to Luke at some Schells, and I will buy you a Nichols worth, but they said: "Doe, we have Colds in the Dose and we ate some Newberries, and have a Bayne, so Kisbey, mother." So she gave them a kiss and said they Orton have done it, but bade them Farewell and assured them of her Love, gave them some fish eyes, Olives and Campbell's soup, and sent them to bed to rest their weary Bones.

Instead of going to sleep they told some of Gert's jokes and asked Riddols. Then they made plans for the morrow if it should be Fair. They decided to go for a ride in their Maxwell, an exceptionally Grace-ful and Morden Car. The More Lander wheels would cover the greater would Bea their De-light. The only thing was the Stuart might Cort-Marshall them for speed-in' over the Greene. Then they would Sorby.

However their plans were Mar-ed and were Allworth nothing, for when they a-Rose the next morning their father Tommy the Squair Taylor announced that they both were Bowden (bowed down) with dreadful colds, and as they had not Banwell for a long while, they would have to Spence some time in bed.

Free translation of German:—"The girl went behind the bushes to pull up her stocking."

Horrified Teacher — "My goodness no! The heroine of our story, retired behind the shrubbery to elevate her hosiery."

Pat died and Mike wished to send him a suitable floral offering, so he phoned the florist and ordered a wreath. The following to be put on:

"To Rest," and added, if there is room below, "We will meet again."

When he went to the funeral this is what he found on his wreath:

"To Rest

If there is room below

We will meet again."

Mike and Pat, having drunk several bottles of whiskey, agreed to leave the last one until morning, and went to bed Pat, seeing Mike asleep, got up and drank the whiskey. Mike, awaking, had the same inspiration, but before he reached the bottle Pat's voice stopped him. "What are you looking for?"

Mike—"Shure Oim lookin' fer nuthin'."

Pat—"Look in the bottle."

A is for Allworth who bosses us all

B for the Breeses who blow on Maine Hall

C is for Cort—our Queen of the May

D for our girl of sports, Miss Delaney

E stands for Ethel, who won the gold medal

F is for Frances, who sings in the treble

G is for Gertie with all her stale stories

H is for Harvey, whose phone calls brings glories

I is for Irene, who a dancer would be

J stands for Jean, who cracked her poor knee

K is for Klombies, with voice of great fame

L for Louise, the shield holds her name

M is our baby, young Marjory Muir

N is for Norma, an artist sure

O is for Olive, with all her sweet ways

P is for Pace, who livens our days

Q is for Quillan—just leave off the Mac
R is for Reta, who gave "him" the sack

S for the Scotts—our one set of twins

T is for Taylor, in a moon car she spins

U are for the unions, so small yet so strong

V for the vegetables we get all year long

W for Winnie, so wise yet so rare

X the unknown, but why should we care

Y when I come to you **Y** I feel quite dead.

For there's nothing to rhyme with you or Z

SEEN IN THE NEWSPAPER.

Wanted—A house by a lady with a brick front.

For Sale—A Jersey cow. Gives best quality milk also ropes, pulleys and refrigerators, etc.

Found—An umbrella by a lady with an ivory head.

For Sale—A piano by a man with carved legs.

For Sale—A watch dog—very good-natured—will eat anything, very fond of children.

For Sale—A brass kettle by a second hand dealer with a curved spout.

Sis Hopkin's baby swallowed a dome-fastener yesterday. We hope for a snappy recovery.

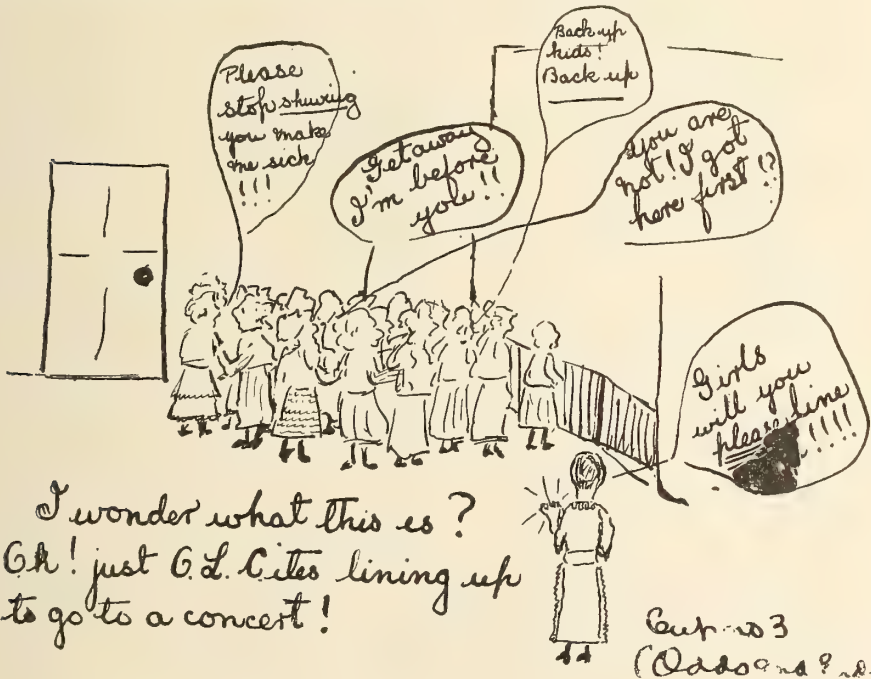
Heard in the Corridor.

Cort.—I wonder why Mr. Farewell left the "e" off from Santa Claus.

Hazel.—We went over to Oshawa to "rout" for our team.

EPITAPH.

Here lies I
 Hit by a sky
 Rocket
 In the eye
 Socket.



Dr. Hare's Visit---May Day

The Principal Emeritus is always deeply revered and loved by the old college students. This was strikingly illustrated in the latter days of May when Rev. Dr. Hare, now Principal Emeritus of the Ontario Ladies' College, and Principal for forty-one years, paid a ten days' visit to the School, as the guest of Principal and Mrs. Farewell.

On his way to Whitby Dr. Hare was the guest of honor of the Toronto Chapter of the Trafalgar Daughters at their annual luncheon in the King Edward Hotel, Toronto. On this occasion there were students present representing nearly every year since the opening of the College, in fact, one who was in attendance in the opening year, 1874. All were delighted to see their old Principal. The only regret was that Mrs. Hare, at one time Lady Principal of the School, and a great force always in its development, was unable through illness to be present.

MAY COURT EXERCISES.

Victoria Day this year at the Ontario Ladies' College was no exception to the rule that it is probably the biggest day in the College calendar so far as the students are concerned. The election of the May Queen, the one among the young ladies who most nearly in their opinion approaches the "Ideal Woman," is an event attended by the greatest interest and excitement, and for the May Queen herself and her two counsellors, it is an event of far-reaching influence.

Additional interest was lent this year by the fact that the annual address on "The Ideal Woman" was delivered by Rev. Dr. J. J. Hare, Principal Emeritus of the College, who for forty-one years guided the destinies of the institution, and who holds a very warm place in the hearts of all friends and graduates of the college. It is not too much to say that the address delivered by Dr. Hare

was probably the finest ever heard on the subject at this annual occasion, and there have been many outstanding addresses given. But Dr. Hare's lifetime of service among young ladies has made him exceptionally well qualified to speak on the subject assigned him, and it is no depreciation of other addresses heard to state that this probably surpassed them all.

Immediately following the address the election of the May Queen and Councillors took place. And who can ever forget the breathless, agonizing, delightful suspense of those indescribable few moments? They are a part—such a big vital part—of the day; and we like to remember the queer, suffocating way our hearts thumped, and then the way they jumped high in our throats, and tangled themselves up with our voices when we finally heard the name of our Queen. This very high and well deserved honour fell to the lot of Cort Reynolds, one of our seniors and a granddaughter of Sheriff Reynolds who built the Castle which is now our well beloved College. Cort is a very highly esteemed and dearly loved citizen of our school community.

The two Councillors were then elected and their names received with much acclamation—Lily Austin and Reta Kerslake. The former is president of the Junior Class, the latter President of the Honour Club and both of them "the very best ever." The royal party then withdrew to dress for the ceremony which took place a few minutes later. We think there can be no lovelier or more impressive ceremony anywhere than the crowning of our May Queen.

We look upon the long double line of kneeling white clad girls and upon the sweet seriousness of the May Queen's face beneath the delicate flower crown, and it is very often through a mist of tears.

The simple words of the oath strike very deep into each one of our hearts

and awaken a response which writes indelible things across our Memory page. In fact, the impression which the activities, and more particularly the *spirit* of this day makes upon our minds and our lives is one which deepens and gains in significance with the passing of time. So the Queen was crowned and seated upon her throne with her Councillors and attendants close at hand. The program which had been arranged for her entertainment proceeded. This programme takes the form of Gymnastic exercises such as free-arm movements and club swinging, and also group dancing and solo dancing.

A Trafalgar Daughter pin, presented each year to the retiring May Queen, by the Trafalgar Daughters, was presented to Miss Stevens by Mrs. T. G. Whitfield.

The May Queen's retinue, then proceeded down the line and took seats on the dais, with the Queen in the centre on her throne.

The program which followed was of unusual merit, reflecting credit upon the physical instructor, Miss M. Murchie, as well as upon those who took part, the handsome costumes and graceful movements delighting the audience. The exhibition of aesthetic dances was even more pretentious than on previous occasions, and was splendidly done by all who participated.

The program was as follows:

Dresden Gavotte—Misses Lou and Sue Scott.

Gypsy Beggar—Irene Carse.

Dragon Fly—Nellie Murchie.

Free Arm Exercises by a large number of girls.

Elysian Fields—Irene Carse, Marjorie Nicholls, Muriel Harvey, Enid Wekerill, Lou Scott, Sue Scott, Kathleen Corrigan, Ruth Clemens, Helen Robinson, Lois Newberry, Charlotte Fralick, Jean Sutherland.

Indian Club Drill.

Nature Studies — Morning, The Brook. Evening—Miss Murchie.

A large number of people were pres-

ent from Toronto, Whitby, Oshawa, and other places.

Immediately following the completion of the program our guests from town and out of town (of whom there was a large number) dispersed; and the school assembled in the dining room for the royal banquet. The Queen's table, which accommodated, besides the present Queen and her attendants, the Queen Regent and her predecessor—Frances Stevens and Hazel Taylor respectively—and one of the Councillors of last year, Dorothea Snider, was exquisitely decorated with lilacs and lilies-of-the-valley and of course held central interest as well as central position in the dining-room.

Then with the end of the banquet came the end of all ceremony. The "royalties" doffed their robes of state and with their devoted subjects donned their most comfortable and correspondingly most undignified apparel, for the hay-racks were waiting and everyone was in a rush to be off to the picnic. And why not? Was there ever a jollier, noisier, more desirable picnic in all the world? Or a lovelier drive? Or happier singing? Or livelier games? Or more to eat? We think not! The picnic is the expression, the outlet perhaps of all the joy and satisfaction of that big glorious day. "Eat, drink and be merry," for to-day is the twenty-fourth!

Well it is an afternoon that goes on wings and all too soon we are clambering back into the hay-racks again, cherishing ukeleles, wild flowers, or that last banana that we simply could not manage! And home we go through the gathering dusk, singing and drowsing and wishing it would take a long time to get there. Then we are inside the gates, and the College yell goes up from throats which have suddenly forgotten their drowsiness—once-twice-thrice! And we look at the wide velvet sweep of the campus and the broad fields beyond, and at the dear, stately "Alma Mater" herself, dreaming there in the twilight awaiting her errant brood, and we are suddenly glad to be home; glad with a tight little ache in

our throats and a smarting under our eyelids. How our hearts thank her silently for this happy, happy day, and for those countless others that will follow us down through all the years.

DR. HARE LECTURES AND PREACHES.

Rev. Dr. J. J. Hare was a busy man since coming to Whitby for a visit, and was in demand as a speaker. Friday evening at the College he gave an address on "The Sponge," which created much interest because of the novel and interesting manner in which the subject was treated, and those who had the privilege of hearing it were greatly delighted.

Dr. Hare's lecture on "The Sponge" was both popular and scientific. He had the advantage of studying a living sponge under the microscope at a marine laboratory, and knew what he was talking about from personal observation. In addition to this scientific knowledge he had the privilege of spending six months in the commercial sponge district at Nassau, and becoming thoroughly acquainted with the sponge industry. Such knowledge and experience in possession of a man of Dr. Hare's well-known ability as a speaker, were sufficient to ensure a treatment of his subject in an interesting manner. He showed a fine collection of the sponges of commerce, toilet, bath and boat, also some very beautiful silicious sponges such as Venus, Flower Basket, and Glass Rope Sponge.

On Sunday morning, in the Methodist Tabernacle, Dr. Hare occupied the pulpit, preaching on "Some Lessons from Agriculture." At the evening service in the concert hall of the College, Dr. Hare preached on "Perfection Treated Historically." At the close of

the service the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was celebrated.

Prior to his departure from the College, Dr. Hare was presented with an address of appreciation by the students, as follows:

Dear Dr. Hare:

As students of the College we feel we cannot allow you to leave us at this time without expressing to you our keen appreciation of the pleasure and benefit you have given us since your coming among us ten days ago.

Your Sunday evening addresses, your simple yet illuminating talk on "the sponge," on Friday evening last, your inspiring presentation to us of the "Ideal Woman" on the occasion of our May Court Festival, and, most of all, your sympathetic, genial and kindly personality have compelled our reverence and our love, and have given us conceptions of girlhood and young womanhood that we cannot soon forget. We shall certainly try to measure up to some of them at least.

As you go from us, we should like you to feel that the most kindly thoughts and best wishes of all the girls go with you. Our hope is that you may enjoy yet many years of strength and usefulness, and that when three years have passed away, you may again visit our school as our honored guest, on the occasion of our Golden Jubilee.

Please convey to Mrs. Hare our deep regrets at her inability to be here with you at this time, and our sincerest hope that three years hence she may be able to make the journey with you. We send to her through you the sincerest good will and love.

Signed on behalf of the girls of the school, by the Presidents of:—The Senior Class, the Junior Class, the Sophomore Class, the Freshman Class, the Elementary Class, the Y.W.C.A., the Honor Club, the Athletic Association.

Commencement Week

This, the most important week of our whole school year, was a glorious series of events, all of which we will remember as having impressed us as nothing during the year could ever do.

It began, as is the custom, on Thursday, when in the evening we enjoyed a very talented recital given by the pupils of Miss Brush, assisted by some of our junior vocal students. The program was as follows:

Solfeggetto (P. E. Bach), Irish Tune (Perçy Grainger) Alice Savage.

Spring Carol (Gkeel) — Gladys Breese.

Prelude (Stojowski)—Olive Payne.

Melisande in the Wood (Goetz) — Patricia Gumley.

Romance (Sibileus), Juba Dance (Nathaniel Dett)—Dorothy Van Vliet.

O My Garden Full of Roses (Clarke) —Honor Schaab.

Prelude (Bach), Polonaise (Chopin) —Gladys Breese.

Pourquoi (Chaminade) — Edythe Martin.

Sonata in F (Mozart) — Kathryn Prue.

On Friday evening a splendid recital was given by the undergraduates in piano and expression. A very interesting program was provided, the numbers of which were:

Concert Etude Op. 36 (MacDowell) —Miss A. E. Gregory.

By Courier (O. Henry)—Jean Hickling.

Susan Clegg's Adopted (Annie Warner)—Grace Hinch.

Homing (Del Riego) — Marjorie Thompson.

While the Auto Waits (O. Henry)—Ruth Clemens.

Mr. Parcher and Love (Booth Tarkington)—Muriel Harvey.

Valse Brillante Op. 20 (Mona Zucea) —Marjorie Kisby.

The Flower Shop (Winnifred Hawkrige)—Marguerite Kersley.

Andante, Presto—Helen Johnston.

Orchestra accompaniment on second piano by Marjorie Kisby.

The graduates' recital took place on Saturday evening. Nothing too much can be said in praise of those who took part, and everyone agreed that it was certainly well worth hearing. The program consisted of six numbers, and all of these were very much enjoyed. Winnifred Scott, we are sorry to say, was unable to be present.

Indian River Song (Coleridge Taylor), Evening (Landon Ronald)—Bernice Breese.

The Lost Silk Hat (Lord Dunsany) —Helene Allworth.

O Lovely Night (Landon Ronald), April Morn (Robert Batten)—Frances Stephens.

Scherzo in B at minor (Chopin) — Norma Moore.

A Service of Loye (O. Henry)—Elva Hasket.

Il est doux il est bon (Massenet — Gwendolyn Klombies.

Sunday was our baccalaureate Sunday, a very impressive and beautiful day for those especially who graduated. In the evening the whole school went to the service at the Methodist Church. A very splendid and elevating sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Pidgeon, the contents of which was addressed chiefly to the graduates. And we all left the church with many lasting and beautiful thoughts imparted to us so clearly by Dr. Pidgeon.

On Tuesday afternoon the graduating seniors were entertained in the drawing room from four to six by the Trafalgar Daughters. A very pleasant afternoon was spent when the seniors felt it a great privilege to have the opportunity of meeting and chatting with so many of the former graduates of our school who still take such an interest in it and are such active helpers at all times.

In the evening the Dramatic Club

presented "The Taming of the Shrew," by Shakespeare, under the very able direction of our expression teacher, Miss Ball. Everyone agreed that it was the best play put on at the school for many years, and all who took part in it should be congratulated as well as Miss Ball.

Wednesday, June 8th.

I've Been Roaming (Charles E. Horn)—Choral Class.

O Lovely Night (Landon Ronald), April Morn (Robert Batten)—Frances Stevens.

Cantique d'Amour (Liszt)—Winnifred Scott.

O What Joy (Arditi)—Choral Class (Soprano Obligato—Miss Dorothy Morden).

The Flower Shop (Winnifred Hawkrige)—Marguerite Kersley.

Minuet (Paderewski) (Dance set by Miss L. Murchie)—Luella Scott, Susanna Scott, Nellie Murchie, Marjorie Nicol. (Accompanied by Choral Class, Piano and Organ).

Il est doux, il est bon (Massenet)—Gwendoline Klombies.

Scherzo in B flat minor (Chopin)—Norma Moore.

The Lost Silk Hat (Lord Dunsany)—Helene Allworth.

(a) Good Night (Meyer-Helmund), (b) Viking Song (Coleridge-Taylor), Choral Class.

Choral Class Conductor—G. D. Atkinson.

Assistant Conductors—Miss Vivian Allcock, Miss Dorothy Morden.

Pianist—Miss Helen Johnston.

Wednesday, 2 o'clock p.m.

Prayer, Rev. T. G. A. Wright.

Granting of Diplomas

Literary—M.E.L.—Ruth Hope Caruthers, Toronto, Ont.; Ethel Dagmar Morden, Hamilton, Ont.; Estelle Cort Reynolds, Montreal, Que.; Elizabeth Aileen Reynolds, Beeton, Ont.; Hazel Annette Taylor, Belleville, Ont.

Piano—A.O.C.M. and A.T.C.M.—Norma Foster Moore, Toronto, Ont.;

Winnifred Victoria Scott, Whitby, Ont.

Singing—Mary Gwendoline Klombies, Lashburn, Sask.; Frances Hurdman Stevens, Pembroke, Ont.; Elvar-etta Bernice Breese (Aegrotat in Singing Examination, which is to be taken later), Chatsworth, Ont.

Art—Mildred Adentine Cole, Toronto, Ont.; Olive Victoria Payne, Chap-leau, Ont.

Expression—Helene Allworth, West-mount, Que.; Elva LaViera Haskett, London, Ont.

Household Science—Viola Glenn, Stella, Ont.; Grace Isabel Lander, Osh-awa, Ont.; Ella Kathleen Macdonald, Coaticook, Que.; Elizabeth Cadzow Martin, Hamilton, Ont.; Laura Smith (Chemistry of Food), Edmonton, Alta.; Margaret Annie Webster, Calgary, Al-berta.

Commercial—Hilda Grace Dawson, Bailieboro, Ont.; Helen Trembeth Luke, Hamilton, Ont.; Alice Mary Sav-age, Marieville, Que.

Address—Principal Farewell

Winners of Certificates.

Musical Piano.

Intermediate—Irene Carse, Gwen-doline Klombies, Alice Lunney, (hon-ors), Dorothy Sorby (honors).

Intermediate School—Gladys Breese, Reta Kerslake, Ethel Morden (honors).

Junior—Hazel Anderson, Jean Grif-fin, Kathleen Gumley, Muriel Hogg (honors), Jean Stuart.

Junior School—Nellie Murchie, Al-ice Savage (honors).

Primary—Enid Cockeril, Alice Ev-ans, Jean Hepburn, Helen Moore, Lois Newberry.

Primary School—Gertrude Banwell, Helen Grout, Dorothy Macdonald, Pearl Sinclair.

Elementary—Lloyd Baldwin, Anna Fair (honors), Betty Wright.

Elementary School—Florence East-mond.

Introductory—Edna Bassett (hon-ors), Edna Cameron (honors).

Singing.

Junior—Helene Allworth, Gladys

Breese, Freda Cameron (honors), Viola Cornell, Patricia Gumley, Edythe Martin (honors), Honor Schaab.

Primary—Hazel Adams (honors).

Sight Singing.

Senior—Bernice Breese, Reta Kerslake, Gwendoline Klombies (honors), Frances Stevens (honors).

Intermediate—Alice E. Gregory (1st class honors), Maude McQuillan (honors), Norma Moore (1st class honors), Honor Schaab (1st class honors).

Junior—Helene Allworth, Jean Hickling, Edythe Martin (1st class honors), Dorothy Sorby (1st class honors).

Household Science

Homemakers' Course—Hazel Anderson, Gertrude Banwell, Laura Riddols.

Commercial.

Edna Cameron, Helen Moore.

Awarding of Medals.

Gold Medal, highest standing in M. E. L. Course—Ethel Morden.

Silver Medal, second standing in M. E. L. Course—Elizabeth Reynolds.

Gold Medals, by R. N. Bassett and Mr. G. D. Atkinson, highest standing in A.T.C.M. and A.O.C.M.—Norma Moore, Winnifred Scott (equal).

Silver Medal, by Mr. G. D. Atkinson, highest standing in Intermediate Piano—Dorothy Sorby.

Special Award, highest standing in Intermediate School. Piano—Ethel Morden.

The George Cormack Memorial Gold Medal, highest standing in A.T.C.M. Singing—Gwendoline Klombies.

Gold Medal, by Mr. R. C. Hamilton, highest standing in Expression—Elva Haskett.

Silver Medal, second standing in Expression—Helene Allworth.

Gold Medal, by Mr. F. M. Score, highest standing in Household Science—Betty Martin.

Gold Medal, highest standing in Commercial and Secretarial Course—Helen Luke.

Governor General's Medal, highest

standing in Junior Matriculation English—Lily Austin.

Gold Medal, by Miss Hazel Taylor, for greatest proficiency in swimming, life-saving, etc., open to students holding award of merit certificates from Royal Life Saving Society of England—Madeline Charles.

Silver Medal, by the Rev. Dr. Hare, for greatest proficiency in swimming, life-saving, etc., open to students holding medallions from the Royal Life Saving Society of England—Grace Elliott.

Literary Department.

Prize by Mr. Farewell, highest standing in Junior Matriculation History—Helen Denyes.

Trafalgar Daughters' Scholarship, highest standing in the three English subjects, 1919-20—Marjorie Kisbey.

Musical Department

Prizes given by A. & S. Nordheimer.

Intermediate Piano—Dorothy Sorby.

Junior Piano—Muriel Hogg, Alice Savage (equal).

Primary Piano—Helen Moore.

Elementary Piano—Anna Fair.

Introductory Piano—Edna Bassett.

Junior Singing—Edythe Martin.

Art Department

Awards by T. G. A. Greene, O.S.A., and Miss Norma Wright:

Highest Standing in the Fine Art Course—Mildred Cole.

Second Standing in the Fine Art Course—Olive Payne.

Highest Standing in Junior Art—Alice Evans.

Expression.

Prize by Miss A. A. Ball.

Highest Standing in Junior Expression—Dorothy Van Vliet.

Household Science.

Highest Standing in Homemakers' Course—Hazel Anderson and Gertrude Banwell (equal).

Highest standing in Junior Year (prize given by 1921 Domestic Science Club)—Marion Gill.

Special prize by Mrs. Arthur Van-

Koughnet, highest standing in Practical Cooking—Kathleen Macdonald.

Special Award by Miss Louise Warren, for highest standing in Needlework—Second Year—Hilda Dawson; First Year—Kathleen Macdonald.

Commercial.

General Proficiency Award in Senior Year—Alice Savage.

Highest Standing in One Year Course—Helen Moore.

Prize by Frederick Dane, for highest standing in writing—Edna Cameron.

Athletics.

The honor of having name on Strathcona Shield for 1921-22—Louise Burns.

Winner of Tennis Trophy, presented by W. H. Reynolds (singles)—

Winner of Tennis Doubles—Virginia Charles, Maude McQuillan.

Winner of Field Day Sports Trophy presented by F. L. Farewell—Louise Burns.

Winners of School Letters, Fall Field Day—Senior, Irene Delahey; Junior, Grace Elliott.

Winners of School Numerals, Fall Field Day—Senior, Mavis Henman; Junior, Gertrude Nicholson.

Field Day—Nellie Murchie.

Winner of Spring Numerals—Spring Field Day—Irene Delahey.

Winner of School Letters, Fall Swimming Meet—Marjorie Nicol.

Winner of School Numerals, Fall Swimming Meet—Florence Eastmond.

Winner of School Letters, Spring Swimming Meet—Marjorie Muir.

Life Saving.

Honorary Instructor's Certificate, by the Royal Life Saving Society of England, for swimming and life-saving—Louise Burns, Norma Moore, Cort Reynolds.

The Award of Merit, by the Royal Life Saving Society of England for swimming and life-saving—Edna Bassett, Louise Burns, Madeleine Charles, Kathleen Corrigan, Julia Eastmond, Grace Elliott, Jean Hepburn, Grace

Hinch, Alice Lees, Mary Miller, Marjorie Nicol, Muriel Thompson, Dorothy VanVliet, Betty Wright.

Bronze Medallion by the Royal Life Saving Society of England, for swimming and life-saving—Reta Campbell, Audrey Dale, Florence Eastmond, Charlotte Fralick, Emma Frid, Virginia Frid, Mavis Henman, Dorothy Kernohan, Janie Merchant, Ethel Morden, Kathryn Prue, Olive Payne, Verley Schaab, Luella Scott, Susanna Scott, Margaret Storey, Marion Thompson.

Photography.

Winners in Amateur Photography. First Prize—Helen Moore.

Second Prize—Grace Lander.

Address—Miss M. L. Bollert, M.A.

God Save the King.

THE CLOSING WORDS OF MR. FAREWELL'S ADDRESS ON COMMENCEMENT DAY.

After complimentary remarks respecting the Faculty and Board of Directors of the College, and emphasizing that a high-class secondary school

to location, environment, purpose, curricula and staff, the Principal spoke to the student body as follows:

I must not close without saying a few words to the undergraduates. We have had for the most part a very happy year. Two or three of you have been seriously ill, but all of you are here today in health and strength, and for this we are very thankful. Most of you have had your fun and good times, and in so far as you have not carried this to extreme, it has been well. Some of you perhaps have not played enough; on the other hand others of you have not studied enough, and are determining now to do more next year. In any case, I should like to thank you for your good will and loyalty generally, which you have manifested throughout the year. The best wishes of the school go with you for a happy holiday. I trust many of you will be back next Septem-

ber, and that we may look forward to an even more successful school than we have had this year.

It may be that others of you cannot return. I should like such to know that they carry with them the school's best good-will. Wherever you go, remember O. L. C. Fling out the banners high, stand for the best in your life, and in the College life, and you shall surely magnify your possibilities and bring great glory to your Alma Mater.

And now, just a closing word to the members of the graduating class:

In your going, let me thank you, one and all, for your unswerving loyalty to the school during the year; you have never once failed us. Your leadership and influence have always been for the best things; we shall long remember the Class of 1921.

We shall miss your President. She has now been with us seven years, and

has justified our highest expectation of her; she has proven worthy. We shall miss your officers, they have been diligent and true. We shall greatly miss you all.

As you go forth, do so with the thought that the College shall always strive to be worthy of you, no matter to what heights you may aspire. We who remain behind feel sure that you will prove worthy of the best traditions of the School. We shall watch your careers with pleasure and with pride. Cherish the best thoughts, choose the highest ideals, attempt the hard thing. Be broad-minded and tolerant. Adapt yourselves to the new world into which you are about to enter. Be constructive, be heroines and conquerors. Have faith. Be loyal servants of the King. Fail not. When you come back, you will find the gate open, the door ajar, and a royal welcome to your College home.

The Prophecies

BERNICE BREESE

Would we never come to a civilized encampment? It seemed to me that we had been travelling through thick undergrowth for miles and here we were, apparently no nearer a resting place than before. But help was at hand because we saw in the distance smoke rising which seemed to come from camp fires, and we were right, it was a camp. Much to our surprise when we approached it we saw that it was the camp of the only woman missionary—Miss Breese—in that part of Africa. I was rather anxious to see the famous Miss Breese of which I had heard so much. It was rather a surprise when I saw the short, rather stout person clothed in the simplest deaconess garb possible. But what surprised me most was that although it was during the driest part of the driest season Miss Breese was wearing storm rubbers, nor did she wear the conventional deaconess hat, but a large, floppy, bright red one. One of the nat-

ive interpreters told me, in answer to my look of astonishment, that Miss Breese was afraid of having freckles. These things made me think hard; a person wearing rubbers in dry weather, the familiar name, and the large red hat. When I was introduced to her I realized that I had met her somewhere before. After we had spoken a few minutes, her clean cut, well chosen words told me it must be "Breesie" the same old Bernice Breese who graduated with me in 1921. And it was. She told me that since leaving school she had been in training for a deaconess, and finally for a missionary. Her chief aversion to being a deaconess had been that she would have to come in contact with men, a condition that she could never get used to. She had always disliked men so!

ELVA HASKETT

In the year 1929 I started for New York on my Honey-moon, taking my fourth husband with me. The principal reason for choosing New York for the

honey-moon was that we were very anxious to see the far-famed Fluff Simpkins—the Dancer. We obtained splendid seats and waited in breathless expectation for Fluff to appear. The orchestra was crashing forth splendid music as the curtain rose, displaying a stage set most gorgeously.

A rustle passed over the audience as a figure attired in strenuous purple from the plume on the cap of its flaxen curled head to the tips of its none-too-small boots appeared. A torrent of words poured forth from this figure. At first I could not catch a word that was being said, because the speaker never seemed to take a breath but just hurled word after word at us so quickly that the entire audience was gasping. I looked down at my program and found that announcements were made by Mlle Elvette—the celebrated graduate of Emerson College, and engaged by Fluff Simpkins to make announcements and add to the standing and dignity of her program. I watched Mlle Elvette for several minutes and it gradually dawned upon me that I had seen her before. But where could it have been? And was it not in masculine attire? Ah! I had it! That still, clear and rapid flow of words gradually brought to my mind those good old O.L.C. days and well I remembered that figure. I looked at the program—Mlle Elvette—why of course Elva Haskett. And when I recognized her I had no difficulty in recalling the many and varied roles that she had taken in O.L.C. plays. But I remember that she once said that if she ever had the chance she would be a real female on a real stage. She had evidently had her wish and I wished her every success in the career she had undertaken.

RUTH CARRUTHERS

It was in the summer of 1920, during a visit to New York, I was sitting talking with some friends in the Astor house one afternoon when my attention was arrested by a tall, slim, figure in an orange colored sport suit and hat. There was something familiar in that quick move-

ment and light step, and as I puzzled over her identity she turned and came toward us and I recognized my old O.L.C. room-mate, Ruth Carruthers. When she saw me she came toward us with outstretched hand saying: "Well, I'll tell the world this is a surprise." It was the first time we had met since leaving College so we had many things to talk about. Ruth had been leading a very busy and strenuous life, conducting classes in swimming and gymnastics during the day; and at night had an important part in the Midnight frolic, ballet dancing and singing. Before we parted she told me of her future plans. She was giving up her work in New York, dearly as she loved it, and intended making her future home in Florida where her fiancée—Tony McMannus—owned a large banana grove. We were given a very pressing invitation to come and visit her. "Of course," said Ruth, and she gave one of those little chuckling laughs which no one could ever forget, "We'll not likely ever be wealthy but we'll at least have all the bananas that we care to eat, and she hurried away to keep an appointment.

NORMA MOORE

Late in August of 1930 I was sent on one of my accustomed trips to Mexico, and having met the Mayor of the city of Mexico he took me to my accustomed hotel. While on our way from the station we were suddenly caught in a regular whirl-pool of humanity, shouting, and sweeping like a tide up the streets of Mexico. I leaned out of the motor to catch a few strains of what they were saying. All I heard was *Paderewski*—and upon enquiring of my good friend, what was meant by this he told me that Paderewski, the world renowned pianist was to be there that evening. Very kindly also he asked me if I would care to accompany him to the theatre and I told him that I would be delighted to do so.

Promptly at 8.15 we were seated in the brightly illuminated "Arcadia," and when that wonderful man made his appearance the building fairly shook

with applause. Suddenly I started—what was so familiar about that figure? Then again I corrected myself. Where before could I have seen him? Then the inspiration came to me, when the last number of the program was rendered, that wonderful composition, “Paderewski’s Minuet,” though that make-up and under that wig and false moustache I could discern the well-known features of my old class mate *Norma Moore*. But why was she impersonating Paderewski in this manner? Asking my worthy friend if by chance I could have the great opportunity of meeting the wonderful artist, he said he might possibly arrange it. Within fifteen minutes I found myself face to face with Norma. She recognized me immediately. After congratulating her upon her success I asked her what motive she had in this strange behavior? Then she told me her story. After she had graduated from O. L. C. in music she joined the Midnight frolics, but as fame in that line seemed very distant and remembering her brilliant success as Paderewski at O. L. C. she determined to make her name famous. She soon became well known and was always in great demand.

After a long chat with her I left her and upon my departure she begged me not to disclose her identity to anyone, but some months afterwards I was sorry to learn that on the return of Paderewski from Africa, where he had been thought to be dead by Norma, my poor friend had been arrested but was pardoned on the consideration that she would go back on to the Stage, where she had been missed for so long.

MILDRED COLE

During my summer abroad in 1935, I happened to be walking along Picadilly Square when I was arrested by a large throng of people who seemed to be crowding around some object in the middle of the square. Pushing my way through the crowd I at last caught sight of a tall, stout woman standing on a large box, noticeable by the large print on all sides “Surprise Soap.” The first

thing that caught my eye was her artistic hat. It was a large black hat with a generous amount of bright cerise ribbon. What was there about that hat that made me tax my memory? Then she spoke, and I knew by her brusque, sharp manner and her loud domineering voice that somewhere I had met this woman. In a flash it came to me that she reminded me of my old O.L.C. friend, Mildred Cole. After the crowd had dispersed, I went up to speak to her and sure enough it was my old friend, Mildred.

She told me that after graduating in Art, she had taken a course at Emerson, and while there she had become engaged to one of the professors. This engagement was broken but a short while after she entered the matrimonial state with a famous prize fighter. But before many months she had tired of her husband and of men in general and after having obtained her divorce, she enlisted in the Suffragette Cause and was now acknowledged leader for “Rights for Women.”

ETHEL MORDEN

Upon a visit to my Alma Mater some years after I had been there as a student, I also visited “The Ontario Hospital for Insane.” This institution has become very famous in the last few years and as this occasion afforded an opportunity of seeing this well-known Hospital, I accepted an invitation which had been given me, to visit it.

One of the doctors very kindly consented to escort me through the different buildings and as we were entering one of them, I noticed a short and a very extraordinarily stout person, with a very large face, a turned-up nose and black curly hair, sitting on a hobby horse, out on the lawn. As we drew nearer to this very strange person, I was able to get a better look at her. Where had I seen those eyebrows before? Could it be possible that this was my old class-mate, Ethel Morden, who graduated with me in 1921? But upon recognizing her Bronze Medallion among many other medals, which she was wearing, I knew I had guessed correctly. She did not

know me when I spoke to her, but I heard her story from the doctor.

After winning many medals at O.L.C. she had gone to University and won everything obtainable. Leaving there, she had won all the medals within her reach, in contests and so on. Her last feat was the winning of the King's Plate in the Derby Horse Race.

Receiving all these medals and also so much praise from all four corners of the earth, had turned her brain and her parents were forced to send her to this Asylum at Whitby.

When she is extremely violent instead of putting her in a hot bath to calm her, they put her on her hobby horse and she immediately becomes soothed, because she thinks she is going to win another medal.

WINNIFRED SCOTT

When I went to New York in 1930, I little expected as many surprises as I received while there for such a short time. On passing down Broadway I noticed that one of the theatres was covered with signs announcing the arrival of Madame Scottina, the celebrated ballet-dancer. This was Madame's last appearance before the public. Something seemed to tell me that I should go and see Madame before her career was ended, and made up my mind to go in the evening.

I was very near the front and was waiting expectantly for Madame to enter. The audience seemed greatly excited and paid little attention to the opening choruses, but when the orchestra commenced playing a light fairy-like piece, a strange hush fell over the theatre. Suddenly, like a miracle a dainty little fairy creature stood before us. Her lithe little body was covered with satin and tulle. The short, fluffy skirt just reached her knees. Her arms were bare and flashed with diamond bracelets in the light. But her hair, such beautiful jet black ringlets, hung over her shoulders.

At first the audience seemed so overcome by the picture that they could not move. Then what a roar went up, as,

with a swift, graceful movement, Madame began to dance. She danced several times and held the audience spell-bound until suddenly she stopped. Madame had forgotten her dance. She stood silently for a moment, smiled and disappeared as suddenly as she had appeared.

I heard afterward that it was not an unusual thing for Madame to forget her dances as she was unable to memorize anything easily and that this was one of the reasons why she was giving up her career. The other reason was that she was going back to her pet hobby of teaching theory.

This made me wonder. When had I seen such a person before? Who was it whose memory was always failing her? Who loved theory? Ah! now I know, my old school-mate, Winnifred Scott. Yes, it must be she, but how could I be sure? The only way was to write a little note to Madame Scottina and ask if I might speak to her for a moment.

Madame kindly consented to spare me a few moments. When I entered the room she was dressed in the latest fashion, but wore no jewelry, except a little gold medal. Now I knew for sure that it was Winnifred, for she wore the medal which she had received years before for her A.T.C.M. Piano at O.L.C.

She was just the same lively, talkative Winnifred. She asked one question after another, never stopping for me to answer but rambled on telling me that she had never been able to stick at one thing for very long and was eager to establish a new way for teaching theory, and was sure she could make it a success if I would send her a picture of her dear old college as an inspiration.

KATHLEEN MACDONALD

While touring England in the year 1931, I thought that I would visit Hyde Park, London. Upon reaching the park I noticed that rushing at the head of a Suffragette Parade was a short, fat woman, shouting at the top of her voice to the men to make way for the women as they were going to show the men how the country should be ruled now. Their

leader leaped up upon the speaker's platform and flinging her arms, motioned for the women to move up to the front. I thought that I would like to hear the speeches so moved up into the front row.

The speaker wore a tailored suit with a choker collar. Her hat was plain with a feather pointing towards the sky. Large tortoise-shell rimmed glasses adorned her nose. Her voice was loud and gruff and it was not until her speech was ended that she smiled, and it seemed to be a familiar smile. I immediately went up and as I drew nearer I recognized the speaker to be my old classmate at O.L.C. Kathleen Macdonald. Kay said she had chosen the single life, and on arriving in London had joined the Suffrage League, and in a short time had become its leader.

I remarked upon her shortness, and found out that she had been starving herself.

HELEN LUKE

While travelling through New York in 1940 I was walking along 5th Ave. I came to a very attractive-looking store which immediately caught my eye. On looking in the window I found it dressed with Gordon hosiery to bait men. I thought I had heard of this store before and I would go in and investigate who was running it. On entering a tall angular woman, with her hair bleached and drawn tightly back from her low, broad forehead, greeted me. For a moment I was rather astonished but the woman asked me if I wished anything and I at once recognized her when she spoke by not having any teeth and her lips sunken. She noticed me staring rather hard at her and she pulled out her silver rimmed spectacles and had a good look at me.

I immediately made myself know to her and asked her if she was Helen Luke. She was so surprised she made me stay and have a talk with her. She told me in her leisure hours she did dressmaking, but she intended to give that up because it was far too strenuous sewing with her left hand one stitch at a time. I then asked her what she intended to do and

she informed me she intended taking a cycling trip back to her Alma Mater to teach swimming and folk dancing as she had taken a special course in Athletic work and she was very fond of it.

A few years later I was talking to an old friend of mine who had visited the Alma Mater and she was telling me of Miss Luke the wonderful gymnasium teacher. I enquired how she was getting along and she said just fine and the college would not part with her because she was such a capable teacher and the children all thought so much of her.

BESSIE REYNOLDS

Edmonton, August 1, 1931.

Dear Norma:—

I had to write to you right away, because I have some news. You know while here I have been sight-seeing and have heard many compliments about a college, and especially its Athletic Department, it being one of the finest in the country. So Norma, I decided to see this wonderful college.

Levi and I went over yesterday morning and words cannot express the loveliness of everything. When we were walking up the drive, I noticed a figure hurrying across the lawn with a step strangely familiar. As I drew nearer, I saw she was hurriedly talking to some girls, and this is what I overheard: "Girls, the hay racks are here to take us to the lake, hurry and get ready. This was said in a high, loud voice. The lady turned, and oh! my surprise, I recognized my old classmate, "Bessie" Reynolds. But oh! so changed, she had grown very thin and her hair was white and curly owing to a recent illness she had had. I asked her why she was here and she said she was the Athletic teacher, and just loved her work, especially the late to bed and early to rise routine of the College.

She then told me the many experiences she had had after leaving University. "Bessie" said she suddenly had the inspiration of being an athletic teacher, while at O.L.C.

She also told me among her many duties, she was working out a cure for

sleeping sickness. Can you imagine our old class-mate doing that?

I afterwards learned that the success of the school had been due to "Bessie's" untiring work in Athletics.

Wonders will never cease, will they Norma.

Your old friend,
Grace.

MAUDE MACQUILLAN.

Dear Kay:—

Must tell you right away about the real surprise I had when I was on my trip west. I was walking along a main street of a small town one day when I encountered this sign:

Cooks is cooks
We must admit
And many cooks
Do make a hit
But in this place
A cook must be
A real artist
In pastry.

Now Maude,
Our faithful Maude has won
A fame and fortune, and renown
In stirring cakes and baking pies
And making tart
You'd be surprised.

Naturally such an advertisement in the window of a corner restaurant in a western town did surprise and draw attention, and I, like all the rest of the curious human race, just had to see for myself.

I went in and sat down at a dirty little table and ordered a piece of apple pie and a couple of blueberry tarts. The waiter brought them to me with much gusto, and threw them on the table. At the same moment there was a crash of dishes and a scuffle in one corner which promised to be a really interesting one, and I turned that I might see better, and much to my surprise, I saw a woman, large and powerful assisting a man to the door by his ear. This was new to me and I stared at her in amazement, and suddenly that face was familiar. Why, of course it was familiar—but could it be an old friend? I recalled the name

on the sign—quite an ordinary one, 'tis true—but nevertheless it assured me that I was right and in two steps I was at her side and my old friend Maude MacQuillan was staring at me in wide-eyed amazement, arms akimbo, and that same old flash of a smile on her face.

We could scarcely talk fast enough after that, and no doubt many good pies burned up. But she told me that for ten years her ambition had been realized and it was with great gratification that she had cooked for these hardy men their well-earned dainties. Maude was fat and wholesome and certainly looked as if the work agreed with her. She could most assuredly cook and—oh yes! She very confidentially whispered to me that soon she would have a lovely new fireless cooker, then she'd be able to experiment some more as in the old O.L.C. days.

GRACE LANDER

Having been exiled to the little town of Ebenezer, on account of my broken-down health, from overwork, and hearing that some excitement was coming to town in the form of Robinson's world-renowned circus, I decided that a little excitement would not hurt me, so I went.

Having procured a seat in the front row, I settled myself to look around and see who was there, when suddenly my attention was arrested by a strange object, which approached the centre ring, and as it came nearer I discovered that it was a little white donkey with very long, pink ears. The donkey appeared to be carrying rather a weighty burden which soon resolved itself into a very short, extremely stout little lady, with a Roman nose and short curly hair. As the donkey rode round and round the ring she did some wonderful stunts, and once as she passed in front of me she smiled, a dazzling smile, and I wondered just where I had seen that flashing gold tooth before. Looking at my program I discovered that this person's name was Pauline Wiggletwist, but that conveyed nothing to me. However the mystery was solved the next time she came round and I caught the flash of "dem big

brown lamps," which I remembered so well, as belonging to my classmate, Grace Lander, with whom I had graduated seven years ago. I held my breath as I watched her, standing lightly poised on one foot, balancing herself by holding on to one long ear of the donkey. After this she did some hair-raising stunts on the tight rope, her short little legs twirling and twisting, and doing wonderful things.

She granted me a hearing, in the tent for the animals, and this is the tale she told. After leaving O.L.C. she had hung out her shingle in her home town, and had made a great success of decorating and designing, and had been noted for her originality and artistic taste. But, falling in love with the owner of the circus, she had married Mr. Robinson, and to help him, had taken a place as bare-back rider in the performance. As I was leaving the tent I stopped to admire the trained robins, for which the circus was noted, and to watch them building a nest and listen to the "tweet, tweet" of their song as they worked.

I was glad to see my old friend, but it was a shock to find her there, although she fulfilled her position very adequately.

CORT REYNOLDS

In the year 1935, I was in New York on a business trip. I happened to see on Broadway that the world's greatest Soprano, Mlle. Cortney, was to sing that night. As I was passionately fond of music, I went and bought a ticket, the last one left, paying fifty dollars for it, and then only getting in the fifth balcony. As the curtain went up, a hush fell on the people, when from the wings entered the renowned Madamoiselle, exquisitely gowned in canary yellow, trimmed with cerise net frills. One noticed a small face beaming from between a mop of bleached hair and a mass of superfluous flesh. As she trilled up and down the scale with her sweet, clear and powerful voice, I wondered where I had heard those marvellous tones before?

At the finish of the song, the crowd broke into an applause which fairly

shook the great theatre. Then Madamoiselle rendered her encore! I started! From the ruddy lips came that well-known strain—"I, on a beenana," and it was then I recognized my old school friend, Cort Reynolds, who was singing her favorite little song that we had so often heard sweetly echoing through the halls of O.L.C.

After the performance, I desired an audience with her, and upon entering her dressing room, the first thing that met my eyes was a little bear cub which lay cuddled luxuriously on a cerise velvet cushion. I asked Cort what the animal's name was, and she sighed, as she whispered—"Teddy." Yes, the name was familiar to me, she had not forgotten him after all these years.

After I had spent an enjoyable half hour with her, I left her, for I knew that due to her popularity it was rather thoughtless of me to take up so much of her valuable time. I wished her every success and I have heard since that she is still continuing her profession with great zest.

AILENE MARSHALL

I did not think it could be possible that twenty years had passed since that memorable day of June eighth, nineteen twenty-one, until an incident occurred which made me aware of my increasing years. I was touring through the States and happened to be in Venice, California, for a few days.

As we were walking along the beach promenade I was attracted by some bright and picturesque bathers further down. On approaching nearer I saw a very small, dainty figure in a black and gold bathing suit and extremely daring hat. There seemed to be something familiar in the movements and strokes of that swimmer. So with much opposition from the rest of the party, as there were many attractions, I persuaded them to tarry with me until I found out if my suspicion was justified.

With much laughter and splashing from the merry crowd they ran out of the water to their bath-houses not far distant. I had not a chance to see plain-

ly the one I most wanted to, so had to wait until she came out. After a lengthy wait they sallied forth gay, radiant creatures. One would not think to see them they had been bathing such a short time previously. I stepped forward and it was, as I surmised, our old school-mate Ailene Marshall. She had changed considerably, but one could not mistake that "warm, merry smile" we all knew in the old O.L.C. days.

Of course we had to have a talk, there was so much that had happened in those twenty years. She accepted our invitation to lunch, but we had to talk fast and furiously, as she had a very important engagement and could not stay long. I did want to hear all about her and we had all rather lost trace of Ailene, but she reminded me of her failing of "never writing letters," she "loathed the task so."

After leaving the dear old halls of our Alma Mater she went to Toronto Conservatory and took her A.T.C.M. in vocal, receiving the Gold Medal for Canada, but she was not satisfied as music did not fulfil all her desires so the following year she went to Boston, there to become expert in gymnastics and dancing. I remembered how enthusiastic she was in our old days and was not surprised to hear of her graduation from there in 1926.

But why was she away down here in the hot summer, practising her arts, for such was what she gave me to believe? But just before leaving in a rather en-harassed manner, she confided to me the reason—"she was waiting for a divorce." I was shocked—as she certainly must have changed much, as we always thought *she* preferred single blessedness.

The year before she had been married, to her (as she thought) "Ideal," poor misgendered girl. After a few short months of a sort of happiness, disaster, in the form of another pretty face came along. She had been down in Venice for four months and her divorce was just coming through, any day she expected. While awaiting she could not be idly do-

ing nothing, and was instructress of the most select swimming and dancing classes in that classical place.

She informed me she had no *male* pupils as she was finished with the sex forever. She found much more happiness in her new work and twice a week gave performances at the largest opera house there. Of course, she had very clever pupils and sometimes she herself danced for the delighted audience.

You will all be glad to hear that 'Mamselle Drolet' has secured her divorce and is now enjoying life as never before.

HELENE ALLWORTH

In the summer of 1939, while flying over Texas, we were forced to land on account of engine trouble. As we came nearer and nearer the ground that had seemed only a black speck proved to be a band of bronchos and half a dozen rough-looking men, trying to break them in. I felt a little nervous when I realized that I must stay there while the 'plane was being repaired, but I was soon put at ease for one of the men came forward and he really was much nicer than he looked. He offered to take me to the house to wait, so I very gladly accepted his invitation. As we neared the house I noticed a meek-looking little woman sitting on the veranda mending socks. She was humming softly. What was that tune? I knew it so well, but could not recollect the name or where I had heard it. Could it possibly have been at dear old O.L.C.? Yes, that was it! "O Lovely Night!" My thoughts were back at Whithy, but as I realized that the lady was rising to greet me, I dragged myself back again to my present surroundings. I looked at her and her face seemed so familiar. But I could not possibly have seen her before, I thought. She spoke. Yes, I was sure I had known her before! Could she possibly be our old school-mate, Helene Allworth? So I asked her at once. Yes, it was Helene, but how changed she was! I asked her how she came to be down there, so she told me all about her life since she had left O.L.C. She spent two

years in Toronto, where she met a nice young man and married him. They went for a motor trip through the States for their honeymoon, and one night as it was getting dark Helene became a little impatient, because they were not near a place where they could stay over night, so her husband began to drive faster, and not knowing the road, did not notice the sharp turn at the bottom of the hill. The car overturned and both were seriously injured. A few minutes later a broncho-buster came galloping along and noticing the overturned car, rushed to their assistance. He took them both to a house close by but the nearest doctor was twenty miles away, so poor Helene's husband, who needed instant attention, could not live more than a very few hours. Helene was left alone in a strange country and now her spirit was broken and she did not care what became of her, so when the broncho-buster who was the owner of a large ranch nearby asked her to marry him, she consented, and here she had been for the rest of the time. As she finished her story, her husband entered. I shuddered as I looked at him. He was a large man, cruel-looking, with a reddish-brown moustache, a large hat, chapps, and spurs. My opinion of him was not very high, and I soon discovered that I was quite justified in it, for he looked at the empty table, and then Helene, and said, "Why haven't you got my supper ready?" I was astonished to see that Helene cowered when he looked at her, and then hurriedly rose and went meekly away to prepare the meal. I thought perhaps she would enjoy a visit with me, so I suggested it to her husband, but he only answered that he had married Helene to look after him and she must stay and do it.

A few hours later I waved good-bye to Helene. I felt very sorry, indeed, to have to leave her there in that lonely place, with her cruel and domineering husband.

HILDA DAWSON

In 1950 I met my old friend Hilda Dawson in Michigan. She had just been rescued from a desert island where she

had lived for the last twenty-five years due to a shipwreck. At first I hardly recognized her, her hair had turned jet black and her whole appearance was one of a South Sea Islander. I asked her the reason of the crutches by her side and she confusedly told me of her venture into a bath the first she had been in for twenty-five years, and had slipped and crippled herself for life. Owing to this infirmity Hilda had been unable to carry out her girlhood desires of being a boarding house keeper and had instead founded a society whose duty it was to teach the etiquette of entering a bath.

LAURA SMITH

It was the summer of 1931. For ten long years I had roamed the wide, wide world, crossing oceans and plains, climbing mountains and descending mighty rivers. For months I had not seen a familiar face.

Night was coming on, I was on a walking tour in the land of the heather. Where to seek a resting place I knew not, but presently I came to a small house beside the road. Fearing I knew not what, I thought I would investigate before announcing my presence. So, cautiously making my way to the uncurtained window, I peeped in at the occupants who were engaged in a very animated, not to say boisterous conversation. Imagine my surprise upon recognizing, in the pale-faced, timid looking woman, who was evidently pleading for something, my old school mate, Laura Smith, of the Graduating Class of O.L.C. in 1921.

The man was a thin-faced Scotchman with sandy complexion and a wart on his nose. He was evidently refusing her request.

I caught the words, "But James, this is going to be a very high-class concert, and you know how I would love to go. Besides, Signor Cortiano, the noted violinist, is to be there and it won't cost much."

"Won't cost much, you don't know nothing about it. I'm sure we wouldn't get off with nothing short of two shillings."

"Oh, James, how you worry me with your bad grammar, you mean "anything," short of two shillings."

"Well, continued the man, ignoring her correction, "I haven't got no siller to throw away on such nonsense."

I had had enough, and fled into the night.

ALICE SAVAGE

My friend, having recently recovered from a serious illness, was still very weak and the doctor had prescribed a complete change. It was arranged that I should accompany her to the continent for three months' rest. After visiting Rome, Naples, Nice and Paris my friend was sufficiently recovered to return. Before doing so, however, we decided to spend a few days in London to visit various places of interest. A day or so later, picking up a copy of "The Daily Mirror," I noticed a paragraph to the effect that on the 8th of June, Lady Samuel, a brilliant speaker and Member of Parliament, was to present a most important bill to the House. As it had always been the one desire of my heart to visit the Houses of Parliament while in session, I took this opportunity of doing so, when there was something of interest taking place. Sitting in the visitors' gallery, I patiently waited for the introduction of Lady Samuel. She was a tall, slight woman, with very black hair, and was richly yet simply attired. There was something about her appearance which seemed familiar. She lost no time in introducing her bill, the gravity of which cast a spell over all. The nucleus of the bill was that "In Girls' and Ladies' Colleges the faculty should consist of *Men only*." As soon as she began to speak I felt sure I had heard that voice before and when she stated the clauses of her bill I recognized the dominating principle of my old school chum, Alice Savage. I recalled that during her year at O.L.C. she had taken advantage of every opportunity to propagate this principle. As soon as I had recognized my friend I could hardly wait until the session closed and I could shake her by the hand. That moment at last arrived and I made my

way hastily to her and unconsciously addressed her as "Sammy." I told her I was completely in sympathy with her proposed reform. For a moment she seemed dazed and suddenly it dawned on her who I was. We talked excitedly for a few moments, during which time she told me that after leaving O.L.C. she had accepted the position as Private Secretary to the Governor General of Canada, and after a few years fell in love with "Lord Samuel," Aide-de-Camp to the Governor-General and when the Governor-General had retired to England she and her husband had gone also. She had become very interested in Educational work and was elected Member of Parliament for South Kensington and later was made *Ministris* of Education, and was now able to realize her girlhood dream of bringing her principle into effect. When she had finished the story of her career I reminded her that it was exactly ten years before that day when we had both graduated from O.L.C. I left her, thankful that chance had led me to pick up "The Daily Mirror." I had grasped the "Skirts of Happy Chance."

MARGARET WEBSTER

One fine summer afternoon in 1930, as I was reading in my living room, I was interrupted by a ring at the door bell. When I answered it I found it was a lady applying for a position as a laundress, in answer to my advertisement in the paper. Her face seemed rather familiar but I did not ever remember seeing her before.

She evidently remembered having seen me, because when we were seated she said she remembered me at O.L.C., and she was no less than Maggie Annie Webster. She then told me of her hard luck, that one year after leaving college she had married and had been very happy. She also told me of her five little ones, three boys and two girls. Then last December, just before Christmas her husband was taken ill and died, leaving her absolutely penniless and she has ever since been trying to earn enough by taking in washing to keep her five children

and herself. As we were talking over old times, I remembered her having said her one ambition in life was to be a widow, but that was just a school girl's notion.

About two years later I learned that she had been very happily married again and Ethelbert, Sarah, Jemimah William, Erastus, Pearl Rosalind and Jonathan were being well looked after.

OLIVE PAYNE

It was in the summer of 1937 that an old O. L. C. friend and I were strolling along a street of Boston and noticed a large billboard on which there was a poster advertising Barnum and Bailey's circus which was to begin the following day and continue throughout the week. Since we had heard a great deal about this famous show we decided the next day to see it. There was such a large crowd at the gate that we had quite a difficult task to get in. But we noticed that as soon as we got inside the crowd disappeared. We went into a number of side-shows but still noticed the absence of the crowd. Finally my friend grabbed my arm and told me to look in a certain direction. The crowd had gathered around what seemed to be a large swimming tank. As we hurried over we observed a sign bearing these words "The World's Greatest Swimmer and Diver." As we watched this marvellous swimmer something about the blue bathing suit seemed familiar and I asked my friend if she didn't think so too. As the swimmer went up to take one of her high dives we both recognized her to be our old friend Olive Payne. We gained permission to see her and after she had finished her exhibition she came forward to greet us with a short, quick step. She was very surprised but pleased to see us as she had not seen any of her O. L. C. friends since graduating in 1921. She told us that she had long ago given up her art as she had found out that she excelled in swimming rather than art. As the sky looked threatening we decided we had better hurry home as we had no umbrella with us. We said good-bye to

Olive and she asked us to remember her to her old O.L.C. friends.

GWEN KLOMBIES

One day as I was strolling through the streets of New York, a huge poster caught my eye.

"Gwendolyn Klombies," second Annette Kellerman, at the Hippodrome today." High diving and fancy swimming."

"Why, that name's familiar," I thought. There was a Gwendolyn Klombies at O.L.C. in 1921. But Gwen did *not* like the water. Could this be the same girl?

Curiosity led me to the Hippodrome and I waited anxiously, along with a vast number of people, for the appearance of this wonderful diver and swimmer. Then out stepped a tall, slim, graceful girl, and, with a brief nod to the crowd, she began her performance. Such an exhibition of diving and swimming I have never seen. The daring of the girl was wonderful. With 2 or 3 hair-raising stunts for a finish, the performance ended, and Miss Klombies turned to the crowd and smiled.

Then I knew it was indeed Gwen of O.L.C. Eagerly I pressed forward and managed to obtain an interview.

Gwen greeted me with her bright smile and talked vivaciously of O.L.C. for some time.

Then she told me that, for two years after graduating from O.L.C. she continued to sing. But one night she attended an address given by a noted swimmer who convinced her that the only way to win beauty and health was by continual swimming.

Gwen, fired by his zeal, had overcome her dread of water and soon became a noted diver and swimmer. Her salary she, at present, donated towards making Siamese people more efficient swimmers. She said in the near future she intended to start a world-wide campaign to force everyone to learn to swim and so make people more perfect physically. Gwen had changed. It was hard to believe that this tall, slender, talkative girl was Gwen of O.L.C.

BETTY MARTIN

It was in the year nineteen thirty that I decided to go on a trip to the West. I was very anxious to go since I had learned that Betty Martin, an old O.L.C. girl of nineteen twenty and twenty-one, was now married and living in Saskatchewan. I obtained her address and while writing her telling of my proposed visit, I wondered if I'd find Betty very much changed. I pictured her in a charming home, making a perfect wife, and ideal hostess, and the best of mothers. In imagination I could hear my old friend bidding me welcome in her quiet, soft voice.

In due time I received a letter from Betty cordially inviting me for a two weeks visit with her. She said they were living in the country, but since I liked outdoor life probably I wouldn't find it too trying. I was surprised at receiving this letter, not because of anything she had said, but because of the large dirty blue envelope and paper, and the scrawly, untidy hand-writing, so unlike Betty's dainty white notepaper and neat writing of O.L.C. days. Then, too I knew she had never liked farm life, but here she was living in the country. Still, I looked forward to my visit with my old friend.

I arrived in Saskatoon on a hot summer day. When the train had pulled away and the station platform was almost empty I commenced to think Betty hadn't lost her habit of being late. Presently a big burly man with a frame of a giant, a three-days' growth of beard on his face, and dressed in corduroy breeches, riding boots, a sombrero hat, no tie or collar, the neck of his shirt turned down, showing a sinewy chest that would have been better of some warm water, good soap and a scrubbing brush, accosted me in a truly western fashion: "I reckon yer the lady I'm lookin' fer. Ain't yer Miss Haskett?" I nodded my affirmation. He seized my suit case and with "The car is over thar" led the way to a *car*(?) no not a car but a disreputable-looking ford, that had once been a sedan. I thought how unlike the cosy

sedan Betty had received for a graduation gift. The top of the vehicle had disappeared, the wind shield was broken, and the whole affair was covered with mud. Thinking there must be some mistake I asked this westerner if Mrs. Hectar had sent him to meet me. "Shure, Betty said I was ter meet yer." What right had this individual, who was likely a hired man to call Betty Martin, now Mrs. Hectar, "Betty?"

We left the city and started toward the Prairie country. When a half hour was up and we hadn't reached our destination I asked the supposed hired man how much farther we had to go. "Not gettin tired already, are yer? We have forty mile yit. I recollect just after Betsy and I were harnessed double and I were bringin' her home fer the first time she also thought it war a mighty distance, but she don't mind it now." Betty married to this man? Impossible! There must be some hideous mistake, I thought.

After what seemed a very long time we arrived at a solitary shack that was miles from any other habitation. But it wasn't destitute of life. We were greeted by the howls of at least three wolfhounds, two collies, a terrier and some sort of a mongrel, chickens were all about the abode, two dirty urchins were peeking from behind the shack, two others were down near a dilapidated stable, and another was standing in the doorway of Betty's home through which millions of flies buzzed. From the interior of this dwelling could be heard the cry of a baby, and a woman singing, "Seniors, Seniors, of 1921," our O.L.C. 1921 class song.

As the car stopped Betty came to the door. But such an altered Betty! She was fat and dirty, her face was covered with freckles, tan and pimples, there was one particularly large one on the side of her nose. Her hair was pulled into a tight knob on the top of her head. Even her voice had changed, it was loud, raspy and harsh, as she greeted me.

In amazement I fell back against the car cushion. Betty! it can't be Betty

Martin! "You are so changed" I gasped.

"Well, you can't expect a farmer's wife with a barrel churn to scald once a week, a wheezy old pump to prime every morning, meals to get for six children, a husband and the hired help, besides looking after a sickly baby, (why can't someone invent children without colic?) not to change."

By the time she had finished this prologue she had me out of the car and into the shack. I don't believe a Domestic Science teacher would give her very high marks for it, nor the meal we had at a table covered with a spotty oilcloth. During the week we had an orchestra accompaniment played by the baby, the dogs, the flies and some pigs that were grunting about just outside the door.

When I retired for the night in a little lean-too off the main room, Betty came in for a talk. I used to like my talks with her in those college days when we'd talk on that subject which lies closest to the heart of a school girl—the future—but how different was this tête-à-tête. She talked of tough, wet damp, musty or binburnt wheat, of trapping coyotes, and scarcity of hired help. The strange thing was that she seemed to enjoy that life.

Knowing that I couldn't stand such life, for two weeks, nor even two days, I told Mrs. Hectar I would have to leave first thing in the morning. Betty seemed genuinely sorry and said: "I know you would stay if you could and even if you could stay and just didn't want to I wouldn't be angry for you can't make me mad."

HAZEL TAYLOR

Let me see, which way must I go to get to Albert Street? I was not quite sure of my direction, not having been in Belleville since 1921 and had not even seen my old room-mate Bones for over ten years. I wondered as I walked along if she still lived at old two hundred and forty-six or had she changed her address—and perhaps her name! I might have been able to find this out upon inquiring at the Standard Bank but it was rather out of my way and my time was limited.

As I neared the familiar-looking street a strange stately building which had not been there formerly caught my eye, surrounded by a high stone wall, the grounds were rather hidden but the five-storied structure was quite visible among the trees. Much perplexed I was however enlightened by coming upon a huge iron gate on which was inscribed "Ste. Annetta Convent." Being quite interested in this new and beautiful place I stopped a moment to peer through the gate.

Suddenly two nuns descended the stone steps and began to walk slowly down the gravel path that led to the gate.

I was a little embarrassed at being caught thus staring so openly, especially as I noticed that one of these nuns was the Mother Superior; but something in her general appearance—the walk or perhaps a certain firmness of chin as she turned her profile—made me start with an exclamation of surprise. No, it couldn't be my old friend Bones! On seeing me she, too, seemed to recognize me and hurried down to see if her eyes had not deceived her. It was she! Dressed in long flowing black garments, her sweet, round rosy face framed in white and as I quickly took in each detail I noticed her feet, encased in a none too becoming pair of flat-heeled, square-toed gunmetal boots.

After the first surprised greeting was over I was naturally bubbling with questions, many of which were entirely foolish, as: "What had she done with her fifteen pairs of shoes," or "Where was her Moon roadster?" or "Were 'crushes' allowed in a Convent?" Then she offered to take me up to her room where we might talk until time for chapel and my train. There I learned that she had taken the veil just six years before and owing to her great knowledge of Latin had found her chants and litanies so easy that it was not long before the title of Mother Superior was bestowed upon her and she was put in charge of the new Convent which was given her name "Annetta."

She seemed quite happy in her new life and surroundings, and, as I gazed around the room I saw several familiar old landmarks as it were. There on the dresser was a bottle of iodine and a jar of Daggetts and Ramsdall's cold cream and taking the liberty, I opened her little ivory jewel case where I beheld the old collection of signet rings—all sizes that her "father" had given her in her old college days. One of the things, particularly, that made me think of old nine Main was the complete absence of photographs both of the masculine and feminine sex, save for a rather yellowish but well preserved picture which I joyfully

recognized as the senior strip of 1921.

Just then a gentle tap came on the door and a young nun entered bearing several letters which she handed to the Mother Superior, who glanced hurriedly through them, one of which I noticed was in a rather yellowish coloured envelope. An insane desire arose in me to ask her if she still looked forward to the morning mail with such eagerness as she had in our school days, but I quelled immediately.

My visit was over all too soon and as I said good-bye to her at the Convent gate, I can still remember her sweet smile at parting.

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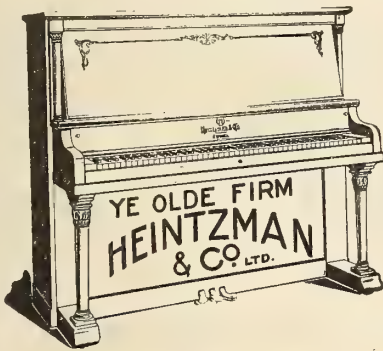
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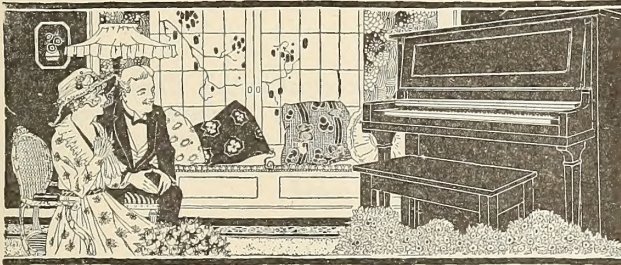
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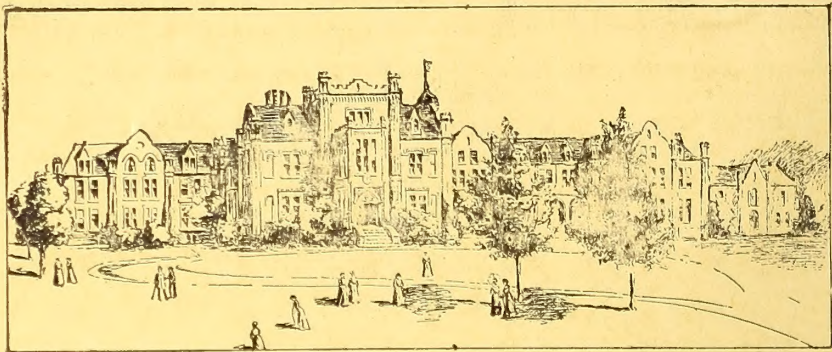
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